

# The TATLER

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London, October 22, 1930

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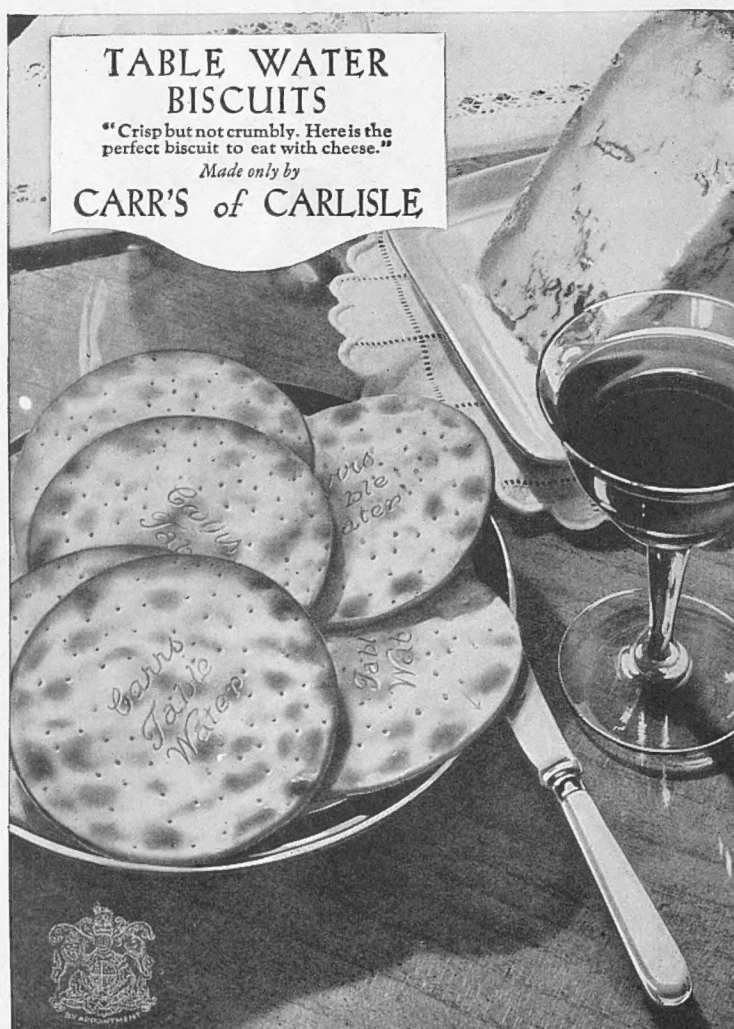
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Vol. CXVIII. No. 1530.

London, October 22, 1930

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Price One Shilling



## "IT'S A BOY!"

MR. SYDNEY HOWARD

MR. LESLIE HENSON

A bumper success for all hands concerned in this merry farce at the Strand Theatre, but especially for Mr. Leslie Henson and Mr. Sydney Howard, who are at their very drollest. Mr. Henson is here seen in one of his many disguises as "a mincing young lady of fashion" who has written a book, and Mr. Howard is a late Victorian matron. The ball once set rolling by these two geniuses never stops. It is a great show



MR. LESLIE HENSON

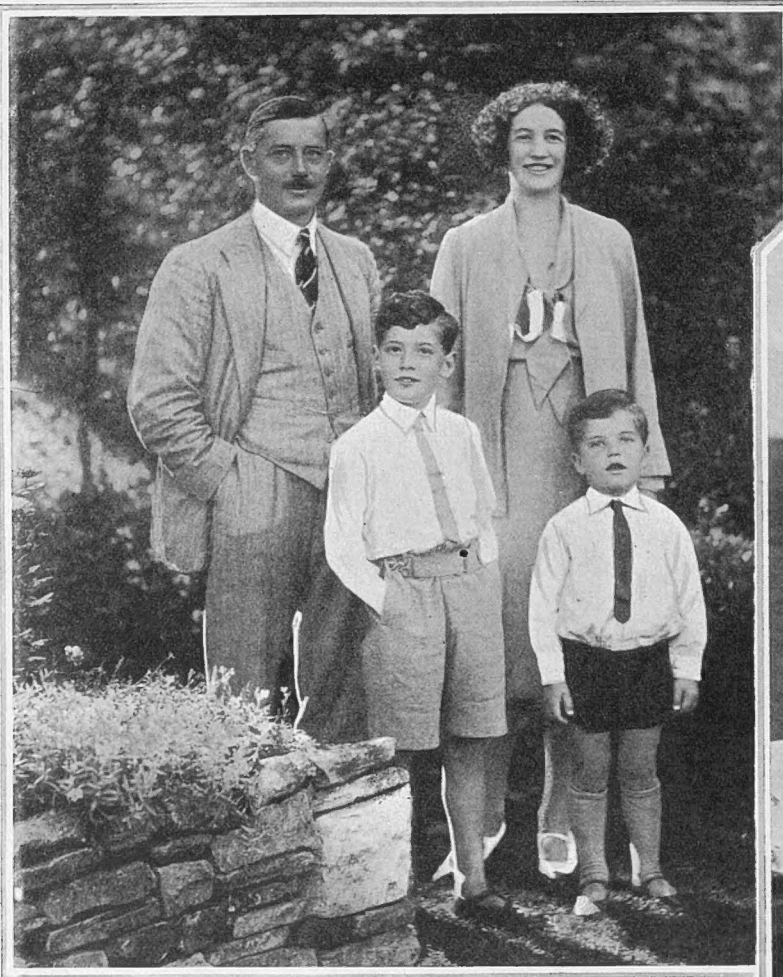


MR. SYDNEY HOWARD

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



# The Letters of Eve



Miss Compton Collier

AT SWALE, RICHMOND: CAPTAIN THE HON. JOSEPH AND MRS. PEASE AND THEIR CHILDREN

Captain the Hon. Joseph Pease is Lord Gainford's only son and heir and married in 1921 Miss Veronica Noble, the daughter of Sir George Noble, Bt. The two children are Joseph, who is the elder, and George



Balmain

TO BE MARRIED IN LONDON: MISS ROSEMARY HOPE-VERE AND MR. JOHN DRURY-LOWE

Whose wedding takes place at the Guards' Chapel to-day (October 22), the Bishop of Derby officiating. Mr. Drury-Lowe is in the Scots Guards. There are to be four bridesmaids and four pages, all under the age of six

**F**RIEND, woman, bumpkin, lend me your ears. I propose to broadcast for your especial benefit an affair of much moment in a locality for which you share my friendly feeling. Listen-in carefully; this is Warwickshire calling.

Did you hear that hunting horn and those peculiar vocal accompaniments to the chase which are so thrilling to the ear and so impossible for the pen to reproduce? You did? Well, do not picture hounds on a screaming scent racing across a country which is bliss to the bold and the despair of the half-hearted. Rather visualize crowds and more crowds; filling the steps of a famous house; lining the long drive; straying out on to the road; all cheering and waving to a radiant pair who stood up to wave in return from their swiftly-moving Rolls. When I tell you that the car was trimmed with an old shoe, as well as an empty champagne bottle, your intelligence will at once suggest that a wedding was the cause of the tumult.

Perhaps you have already guessed the scene to be Guy's Cliffe and the central figures Mr. Gerald Williams and Miss Molly Heber-Percy, whose popularity is unbounded.



Walter Vickers

THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM

Whose wedding took place at St. Giles, Edinburgh, on October 20. The Marquess of Graham is the son and heir of the Duke of Montrose, and his bride was Miss Isobel Sellar. The Marquess of Graham was born in 1907, educated at Eton, and is a sub-lieutenant in the R.N.V.R.

**T**he determination of the entire field to meet at St. Mary's Church, Warwick, in good time for the ceremony curtailed the morning's cub-hunting operations with the North Warwickshire, but these included a six-mile point before everyone hurried home to change into wedding garments.

Miss Susan Arkwright, whose mother, Mrs. J. P. Arkwright, is such a success as Joint Master, was one of those who donned a bridesmaid's habit, and Miss Barbara Stracey-Clitherow was another local participator in a particularly decorative procession. Mrs. Heber-Percy deserves a special word, not only in her official position as mother of the bride, but because she looked so remarkably young and nice in dark blue and a large and becoming hat.

One can only pick out a few names from the multitude of guests. There were over four



hundred, of which quite a number came down specially from London. Lord and Lady Henry Seymour and Sir William and Lady Jaffray are always agreeable to meet. Lord Dormer, Sir Charles and Lady Wiggin, and Sir Gerald and Lady Shuckburgh are other pleasant features of this neighbourhood, and Mr. Worthington and Lady Muriel brought good wishes from the South Staffordshire country. Claire, Lady Manton, came with her son, Mr. Mark Watson, who with Mr. David Heber-Percy and Mr. Guy Jackson sounded the last note in the proceedings when hunting horns advised that Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williams had gone away.

Kempton was blessed with its usual good weather for the Duke of York Handicap, and most of the big crowd there were at least enjoying the glorious October sunshine, even if they found the winners rather hard to discover. Imagine the Tote double paying nearly £1000 to 10s. to the two people who were lucky enough to spot it. But to get back to the others. Lord Derby was there enveloped in a thick brown overcoat and Lady Adare in a lovely squirrel full-length coat which was worthier of a more wintry day. Then there was Lady Beaumont, who goes to nearly every race-meeting and contrives to look smart whatever the conditions. Others besides the inevitables included Captain and Mrs. Freddie Drummond, who had arrived from Scotland that morning, the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, whose horse, Racedale, was very narrowly beaten in the big race, Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, and the Wilfrid Egertons.

Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth is always worth mentioning, being one of those lucky persons who combine a most attractive appearance with an engaging manner. I had observed her the day before lunching at



MRS. DANCE AND LADY CRUISE

Out cubbing with the Whaddon 'Chase Hounds last week. Both Sir Richard and Lady Cruise are very well known with these hounds and he, as the hunting world knows, almost undefeatable in point-to-points

Sovrani's and wearing a green outfit with the greatest possible success. Her host was Prince Ali Khan, a sling still housing his damaged arm.

Lord Iveagh and his son, and Lord and Lady Winchester, as well as the Marquise de Casa Maury and Mr. Peter Murphy, also had luncheon engagements at the same rendezvous, where the new *décor* and disappearance of the partition are both good moves.

Another place where really good food can be enjoyed without desperate depreciation of the exchequer is Nash's Club. But of course you have to be a member, and if you achieve that object you are in the best company, both racing and theatrical. Cocktail-time, which is the zenith of its activities, now has the trio, "We Three," to provide some of its most stimulating ingredients. Theatre diners are also made much of in a genuine Regency setting, for the house dates from the best period of Nash, the architect, and during recent alterations some lovely old pine-panelling was discovered.

Now I can tell you all about the Loan Exhibition of Miniature Models which is to be on show in Dudley House from November 3. The details given of the prospective collection are too mouth-watering, and when you've had a hint of a few of the masterpieces staged there I'm sure you will

LORD DALMENY WITH THE WHADDON

Like his father, the Earl of Rosebery, who is Master of these Hounds, Lord Dalmeny is what is called "a good 'un to go," and he also rides a nice race in point-to-points

agree that the organization which is to benefit has reason to take a very optimistic view. This is the Y.W.C.A. or rather the London manifestations of that worthy Association. Her Majesty the Queen takes a personal interest in its welfare, and as tangible proof is lending a selection of her own treasures, including some wonderful examples of Battersea enamel boxes and minute pieces of period furniture, for everything is to be on "Lilliputian" scale and all of course perfect of its kind.

In former years when transport and communication involved weeks of time the art of commercial travelling was highly specialized. No inferior sample could be afforded space in the saddle bags or on the backs of the agents whose round might take six months or more. Illustrations of goods were unknown, therefore orders were taken from these tiny reproductions of designs made by the masters of their art. Naturally the very best attention was given to the execution of these small lures. I insist that you go and see the results for yourself, but cannot refrain from describing one or two individual pieces which alone will repay a visit.



AT NEWMARKET: LADY NUNBURNHOLME AND LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH

On Cesarewitch day when the all-conquering Aga continued his shattering career of success. Lady Nunburnholme was the beautiful Lady Mary Thynne, and Lady Moyra Cavendish is a half-sister of the Duke of St. Albans

Imagine a tiny satin-wood fold-top bureau, altogether only 3½ in. high, complete with pigeon-holes and every detail properly dovetailed. Then a Chippendale four-poster with original hangings; models of staircases, and wonderful specimen fire-places. Two small violins, one by Stradivarius and the other by Guarnerius; silver, glass, diminutive decanters and wine-glasses from Bristol. Needlework (and the term *petit-point* will have a new meaning after some of the examples are seen), and books the size of stamps but tooled, engrossed, and illustrated.

(Continued on p. 150)



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

It is impossible to enumerate half the various objects, but the model ships will certainly get their share of appreciation. The King contributes the H.M.S. *Albion*, a former Royal yacht, and every kind of craft is represented.

As for the doll's-houses, I dare not embark on even an outline of what you will find; the same applies to the model rooms, for a little space must be allowed to the owners of these treasures which they have lent with life-size generosity.

Lady Grantley sends dolls, one dated 1690; Lady Keppel a clock. Another doll, supposedly the property of Queen Anne when a child, comes from Sir William Hart-Dyke. Lord Sandwich has lent another Royal yacht, and Mrs. Ricardo many bits of furniture. Mrs. Henry Bruce, who really is the enchanting Karsavina, is responsible for a Georgian doll's-house, and Miss Betty Askwith one made by Christopher Wren. I suppose I must cease eulogizing sooner or later, and perhaps the time has come to talk of other things.

Knowing your interest in the matter, I give you a brief résumé of recent engagements every now and then. No sooner are those of current interest polished off than a new list demands attention; constant comment is the only possible way to keep track of these matrimonial inclinations. Essex contributes two pairs, first Miss Betty Cambie and Mr. Malcolm Gladstone, whose wedding is to be at the end of this month. Mr. Milburn and Miss Victoria Tufnell are waiting until the New Year for theirs. Apropos the latter I have some remarks to make about surnames. It is a fascinating study to trace how the spelling and pronunciation of family names changes with the centuries. Orthography not being the strong point of our ancestors, the phonetic system of writing them produced a variety of alternatives. Miss Tufnell is the only daughter of Mr. de Hirzel Tufnell of Langley's, near Colchester. One of the oldest families in the district, since the fifteenth century they have answered in succession to the following: "Tuffenale" is first recorded, then the next hundred years added another "l" to make them "Tuffenalle"; after that "Tufnaile" and "Tufnyl" practically exhausted the possibilities of attracting their attention.

Miss Elinor Pease and Mr. John Kemp will have a great number of interests to share. She is a very active participant in all the exercises afforded by Bembridge in the summer. She took to sailing almost like a duck to water, though luckily not quite, in spite of the fact that no day was too rough to deter her. Mr. Kemp's family is a very energetic out-of-door one, his father, Lord Rochdale, having a marvellous eye for anything, including driven grouse or tennis ball. The news that Lady Sheila Cairns is to be married in November is

very cheering, as her fiancé, Mr. Ivor Holroyd, has been extremely ill. They got engaged in India just before she returned to England, and you can imagine her anxiety on hearing that he had been landed at Malta and hurried to hospital on his homeward journey.

Fate has dealt Miss Rosemary Cookson a measly blow; my adjective provides the reason for which her marriage to Mr. Charles Fellowes was postponed last week. Can you imagine a more irritating intervention?



Dorothy Wilding

MISS ANGELA DUDLEY WARD

Who is skating in the Canadian Lancers at the Hallowe'en Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House on October 31, which is being organized to endow a "Rosemary Ednam" ward at the Royal Northern Hospital in memory of the late Lady Ednam. The Duchess of Sutherland is chairman of the Carnival, which the Prince of Wales has promised to attend. Readers who wish to be present are advised to get their tickets quickly

The most outstanding feature in my general impressions of Newmarket was the Prince Aga Khan's smile. It was noticeable on the first day, but by 3.15 on Wednesday it had developed far-reaching proportions. The King and Queen, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince George were among the first to congratulate Ut Majeur's owner, who may quite possibly round off his marvellously successful season by winning the Cambridgeshire next week. The Duke of Gloucester will miss this contest, having just left for Abyssinia to attend the coronation of King Ras Tafari as Emperor of Ethiopia. I saw H.R.H. having a long talk with Lord Westmorland and Mr. Harry Cottrill, and Prince George was in the paddock with Lady Milford Haven before the big race.

The Duchess of Beaufort, who was walking with Sir Gordon Carter, looked particularly well, and so did Mrs. Hubert Loder and Lady Rosebery, who was with the Queen in the Royal Box for some time.

New winter fur coats vied for sartorial supremacy with the neatest of tweeds. Good value in the latter were Mrs. Jack Fane and Miss Hermione Bullough, whose lovely fair complexions are so enviable. Mrs. Fane and her husband came from Ketteringham Park with Colonel and Mrs. Boileau's big party, which also included Lady Robert Manners, Lady Augusta Fane, the Caryl Uniackes, and Mrs. Roundell. The latter knows more about racing than most women and can sometimes be persuaded to prove her talent for telling Lancashire stories. Mr. Uniacke was one of the very few to earn the £10 offered at Wembley's Rodeo some years ago to anyone who could retain his equilibrium on a bucking broncho for the necessary two minutes.

Others that I noticed were Mrs. Martin Smith and her daughter Mary, just back from Scotland, Miss Jean Fandel-Phillips, and Mrs. Arthur James, who was talking earnestly to Lord Glanely.

Lady Curzon had a big lynx collar on her royal-blue coat and an eye-veil on her hat. Lady Broughton had selected the same colour scheme for her outfit, Mrs. Cripps was a good study in brown, and Lady Ainsworth wore a beige frock which suited her admirably. And that, says Eve, is that.



LADY MILFORD HAVEN AND PRINCE GEORGE AT NEWMARKET

On Middle Park Stakes day, when some people thought they saw the winner of next year's Derby in Sir Abe Bailey's Portlaw. Lady Milford Haven was formerly the Countess Nada de Torby



# AT THE MAXWELL-ROBERTS WEDDING



Left—LADY MARJORIE DALRYMPLE, LADY MARION PHILLIPS, LADY HELEN PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE, MISS VERONICA CHRISTIE-MILLER, AND MRS. COSMO CRAWLEY; Right—CONSTANCE, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, AND HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER, LADY MARY GROSVENOR



LADY RIDLEY



LORD AND LADY ESHER AND MRS. HUNTINGTON



MRS. REDMOND McGRATH AND HER DAUGHTER

All the world was at St. Margaret's last week when Lord and Lady Farnham's only son married Miss Susan Roberts, the decorative daughter of Captain Marshall Roberts and Mrs. Irene Roberts. Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, who appears in the top group, is a daughter-in-law of Canon Crawley, who officiated at the wedding. She is a sister of Miss Veronica Christie-Miller and was married in the summer. Lady Marion Phillips, a June bride, was formerly Lady Marion Dalrymple, and Lady Marjorie Dalrymple is her aunt. Lady Helen Pleydell-Bouverie and her mother, the Dowager Lady Radnor, have since left for South Africa. Constance, Duchess of Westminster, now occupies a most attractive house near Lyndhurst in Hampshire and is not in London a great deal, except on occasions as important as the one with which this page is concerned. Her daughter, Lady Mary, shares the family feeling for good horses, and shows occasionally in jumping classes. Lord Esher succeeded his father as 3rd Viscount in January, and Mrs. McGrath, who had her daughter, Mrs. Clifford, as wedding companion, is the wife of Commander Redmond McGrath



# The Cinema :

Odds and Ends  
By JAMES AGATE

I HAVE received from one of our best-known publicity-agents a "news bulletin" entitled "From Factory to Film," which I am asked to accord "the favour of insertion." Accordingly I insert it here:

Only two months ago Eileen Pallant was one of the thousands of London girls who work in a factory. Each morning on her way to work she had to pass the house of Mr. Sinclair Hill, the well-known British film-director. For many weeks Mr. Hill watched and studied the little girl whose face was, as he still considers, full of that elusive something which makes for success on the screen. She walked beautifully, she had a lovely figure, she was dainty and always carefully and neatly dressed.

Mr. Hill decided that here was excellent film material. So he persuaded his chauffeur to speak to the little girl one morning as she passed the house. The chauffeur was met with a stinging rebuff from the fairy-like child (she is only eighteen) and told to mind his own business when he asked her her name and address. But he found out and asked her to call and see Mr. Hill.

Next day Mr. Hill was telephoned by an incensed mother, who wanted to know immediately "What's all this nonsense?"

Mr. Hill explained, and after a visit to the studios Mrs. Pallant was convinced that Mr. Hill was someone to whom she might entrust her daughter. Eileen underwent a film and voice test. "She photographs like an angel," says Mr. Hill. "Naturally, her accent is not all that it should be, but with training there is no reason why some day she should not be a great artiste."

I shall refrain from marring with any comment this exquisite nonsense, remarking only that there is no more reason why the owner of a pretty face should be a great artist than that a great artist should own a pretty face. Except, of course, in film land, where, I am persuaded, nothing matters seriously except looks. I do not know whether Miss Greta Garbo is an intelligent woman or a stupid one, and I really don't think it is of great account. As far as I am concerned all she has to do is to sit there and be photographed; if there is any thinking to be done I am quite capable of doing it for her.

Publicity is also to hand concerning the New Victoria. Mr. Clayton Hutton begins by telling me that this is "Europe's most amazing theatre," and I will begin by telling Mr. Hutton that the only kind of theatre which would amaze me would be one which stretched from Victoria to Land's End. I presume that what this publicist means is that the new theatre is a handsome building so arranged as to delight the eye and not incommode the body. But, I repeat, this does not amaze me; it is what I expect. What, perhaps, does amaze me is the fact that "the stalls floor is about twenty-two feet below street level, and the side gangways are formed actually under the pavement of the street." Now although I do not suffer from claustrophobia—which is fair, as I have most of the other 'phobias!—I think it is time a halt should be called in the building of theatres in places obviously not designed to hold a theatre. My circular says: "Owing to the very high cost of the site it was essential to get every possible seat into the theatre. For this reason it was decided by the architect to carry the building below ground." This is one more instance of the modern mania now developing for squeezing in a theatre in a crowded thoroughfare between a tobacconist's and an alleged chemist's. There are half-a-dozen theatres in London built apparently on a combination of the principles of the rat-trap and the rabbit-warren. As you watch the play trains hurtle past your right

ear while sewers discharge their pleasant function in the proximity of your left.

I have no doubt that in the event of fire these theatres are perfectly safe; my almost religious belief in the London County Council persuades me that this must be so. At the same time I know of two theatres which I have been attending for years and from which, if I were the only person in the building, it would still take me five minutes to find my way out. If I had my way, which I haven't, and if this were a civilized country, which it isn't, all theatres would by law occupy island sites with the stalls on the ground floor opening through huge doors into the street, while the first thing you would notice about the circles and galleries would be their fire-escapes. Let it be clearly understood that the fore-going remarks are purely abstract and general, and that I have not seen the new cinema which, for all I know, is the safest place in the world. Nevertheless I lay it down as a general rule that, so far as I am concerned, I feel happier when I am not sitting "under the pavement of the street."

"The interior treatment of the building is also very novel in character and suggests a romantic under-sea palace." This will doubtless be very pretty, though why a picture palace should not be content to look like a picture palace I don't know. The worst of these outlandish schemes of decoration is that the more striking they are the more quickly one gets tired of them. I shall hope to write more of this theatre when I have seen it. The tickets for the opening night bore the words "Evening Dress," and though I am content to wear the badge of all my tribe and should have put it on without being asked, I'm hanged if I'm going to be ordered to dress up to sit in the dark! And in Victoria! The only person I have ever seen in evening dress in that sad suburb is the manager of the Victoria Palace, and I feel that his prerogative should be unassailed.

When I went into the New Gallery the other night I found a crowded house watching with every appearance of the most intense enjoyment a film called *Holiday*. This is a story about a young man who, if America had any class distinctions, would be working class. This young fellow wants to make sufficient money in business in order to retire upon a competence and no more, after which he proposes to discover who and what he is and why. A capital notion for a soulful young man who should not, however, put it forward as part of a scheme for marrying a vulgar-minded millionaire's equally vulgar-minded daughter. Fortunately that daughter has a sister with whom ultimately the young man decamps to Paris, which is notoriously the right place for soulful Americans. This film has the merit of being about something, and it is only fair to say that

apparently it held and entranced the audience, though my own view was that it was extraordinarily wordy and much too long-drawn-out. There was no incident in the film and nothing whatever to entertain the eye except the gloomy grandeurs of the millionaire's house. In other words, there was nothing that I personally go to the cinema to see, and to my mind the thing was as dull as a photographed drawing-room comedy. But I am convinced that nobody in the house agreed with me. The audience gave me the impression of being a purely film audience which had suddenly struck a stage play and rather liked it. Miss Anne Harding as the sister was excellent. I do not know who directed the picture, but I think whoever it was should not have allowed the millionaire's vulgar hussy to shake her beautiful head and say: "Take your hand off of my arm!" If film-stars can't talk better than this they should be made to!

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxvi



MISS JULIETTE COMPTON WITH AN OLD FRIEND OF HERS AND OURS

Taken in the garden of her house in the Beverley Hills, near Hollywood. Miss Compton, who in private life is Mrs. Bartram, is very busy making some important Paramount pictures. She was originally a Ziegfeld Folly, played afterwards in Charlot's revue, and later in many English-made films



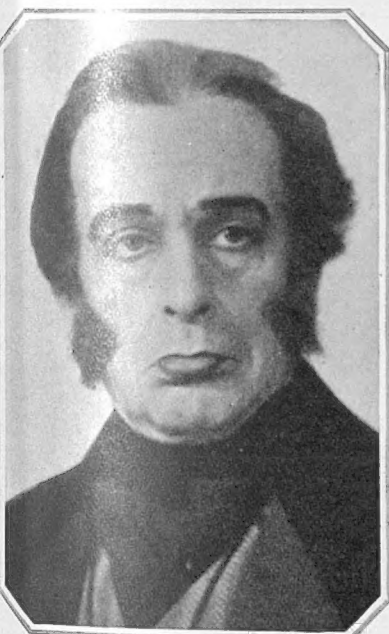
# PLAYS TO SEE



MISS BINNIE HALE IN "NIPPY," DUE OCTOBER 30



IN "IT'S A BOY": MR. SYDNEY HOWARD AND MR. LESLIE HENSON



Pollard Crowther

MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE IN "THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET"

Miss Binnie Hale plays the title-rôle in the shortly to arrive musical comedy, "Nippy," which opens at the Prince Edward Theatre on the 30th. It ought to be at the Coliseum, of course, in view of the subject! On the Frontispiece of this issue Mr. Sidney Howard and Mr. Leslie Henson are seen as two ladies in that rollicking show "It's a Boy." In the picture above they are seen as two of the "chaps" making merry with some milk (and whisky). Mr. Raymond Massey (Topaze, the originally quite virtuous school-master) is seen being led astray by Suzy Courtois (Mlle. Delysia) in the play at The New Theatre



IN "TOPAZE": MLE. ALICE DELYSIA AND MR. RAYMOND MASSEY





CAPTURED AT NEWMARKET

Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort giving little Johnnie Dines his riding instructions. Captain Boyd-Rochfort is the famous Newmarket trainer and had some running from his stable at the Cesarewitch meeting, Soloptic, winner of the Challenge Stakes, amongst them

RACING at Newmarket, more particularly on the big days, appears to grow more popular each year, and this despite the difficulty of getting there on a railway whose enterprise is limited to special trains, which, taking over two hours for the fifty odd miles, are but a slight improvement on the hacks and transport of the days of the Merry Monarch. The last twelve miles of the London Road on Cesarewitch day was a solid seething mass of cars for which both roads to the course should be utilized instead of keeping one for charabancs only, as several thousand people must have missed the first race.

The programme at this meeting is very considerably stronger than at the First October, containing as it does the Champion, Select, and Middle Park Stakes besides the Cesarewitch. The Champion Stakes was particularly interesting with three classic winners in the field, but the classic form is rightly rated so bad that Empire Builder was made a good favourite to beat the lot, and in the event only one of the classic horses was placed. Everything that has been said about the three-year-olds being a bad lot must be withdrawn, for the classics this year were no criterion. The Recorder is said to be the best three-year-old for some years, Ut Majeur wins the Cesarewitch under 8st. 3lb. in the commonest of trots, and Press Gang was 10lb. better than him at Goodwood. Had not both Rustom Pasha and Ut Majeur been stopped in their work the Aga Khan must assuredly have won the St. Leger. Barring this piece of ill-luck his highness has not been able to do wrong this year with his three-year-olds, but singularly enough he seems to have nothing much in the way of two-year-olds to train on for next season.

The race for the Cesarewitch itself was a very one-sided affair, it being obvious a quarter of a mile from home that nothing but a seizure could prevent Ut Majeur winning, as he was never doing more than canter on a tight rein, and "jobbing backwards" he was entitled to do so. Our stayers are a deplorable lot of horses for the most part, with the exception of Brown Jack who has trained off, and anything with some class should experience little difficulty in beating them. At the same time the way in which the winner won stamps him as being well out of the common, and barring accidents one can see him

# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

sweeping the board in the Ascot Gold Cup and other long-distance races next season. Had he been kept to run on the Thursday, Mr. Jack Joel would have won just as easily with Friendship, and it is pretty hard to be second twice with a horse one has put aside for nothing else for so long. The ring, too, would have been about bust and The Recorder, coupled with him in countless doubles, would have started a very short price for the Cambridgeshire.

I have not as yet heard any of the usual tales of people dreaming the winner, though I have it at first hand that a gentleman dreamt of buttered buns and backed the winner of the Duke of Yorks Stakes, while a race-goer of unimpeachable credibility passed two sweeps, his pet superstition, while motoring back to London on the Tuesday and arrived too late to back West Wicklow at the call over. Seeing two sweeps again on his way to the course on the Wednesday, he spread himself on the winner while the lady he took down with him, who had seen four magpies, was so upset that she never had a bet all day. The Recorder won the Select Stakes, but not in the style I expected. He is not a taking actioned horse, and when pushed at the finish did not pull out any surprising burst of speed. He was more inclined to do the overarm stroke than put his toe out. The race will have done him a lot of good as he looked to need it, and he will run a lot better horse on Cambridgeshire day, though at the altered weights he doesn't read to have much in hand of Alcester, who ran his usual game race. Lion Hearted appears to belie his name, and wouldn't have it at all, and with the various classic entrants disgraced, the Cambridgeshire is rapidly narrowing down to The Recorder, who seems to be the only horse backed.

The best two-year-old this season so far appears to be Jacopo who put up a great performance in running Dr. Dolittle so close at Kempton when giving away 10lb. A lot is thought of the latter, who has come on a ton since Newbury, where he ran green, and as Portlaw comes from the same stable they should have a good idea of values. Jacopo will be winter favourite for the Derby for certain.

Portlaw and Goyescas would seem to be the next two with Dr. Dolittle not far behind, while Atbara, if she will but mend her ways at the gate, should be a champion sprinter next season. Our condolences to the pillar of the turf who received a gunshot wound in the pants, while attending a quiet and informal party, from a blank round service ammunition. It is a matter of conjecture how he has avoided a fully-charged round so long, and as his profession is anything but sedentary the inconvenience caused is luckily but slight. Information is required as to the identity of the lady who, pulling her frock over her head in the storm at Ascot, was informed she was exposing her legs, to which she merely retorted, "Sir, they are fifty years old but my hat is brand-new."



CAPTAIN JOHN AND LADY MARY HERBERT

On Cesarewitch day, when the staggering Aga continued his triumphant career and won the Long Dart with Ut Majeur in a common canter. Lady Mary Herbert is a daughter of Lord and Lady Ilchester



## The Newmarket

LADY BULLOUGH AND SIR  
WILLIAM BASSTHE HON. MRS. FLEMING, LADY BROOKE,  
AND MAJOR FLEMING

## October Sales

THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS  
OF ABERGAVENNYBLANCHE, LADY PENRHYN AND THE  
HON. MRS. BEATTYLORD HARCOURT (left), MISS BULLOUGH, LADY  
JANE EGERTON, AND A FRIENDMAJOR AND MRS. W. J. ROWLEY IN  
THE SALE PADDOCKS

On the day at the October Sales that these pictures were taken things were a bit dull till Mrs. Chester Beatty's yearlings from the Colehill Park Stud came into the ring, and then Mr. Gerald Deane had a better time. Ambrosia, a well-named daughter of Manna, made top price of the day, 1,550 guineas. Mrs. Chester Beatty is sending a good many of her horses to Egypt, and will be yet another whom taxation is doing its best to drive out of ownership. Lady Bullough, who is with Sir William Bass, is the wife of Sir George Bullough, Bart. The Hon. Mrs. Fleming is a sister of Lord Clanmorris, and Lady Brooke, who is in the same group, is the wife of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart. Lord Abergavenny, who was for so many years Master of the Eridge, and only resigned last season in favour of his nephew, Major Guy Larnach Nevill, married the widow of the late Viscount Hardinge. Blanche, Lady Penrhyn is a sister of Lord Southampton, and the Hon. Mrs. Vandy Beatty is her niece. It is good news to learn that Vandy Beatty is getting over the troublesome operation on his leg satisfactorily. Lady Jane Egerton, who is with Lord Harcourt, Miss Bullough, and someone else the camera failed to identify, is one of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's six daughters



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Secret Service Revelations.

**I** THINK that if I had an aunt who talked to me in this fashion, "I only understand one thing and that is your beautiful, imperishable goodness. The world may trample on you, Carla, but it could never soil you. . . . You would emerge the purer from any depths of degradation life might thrust upon you.

. . .—well, I think that if I had an aunt who talked to me in such transpontine language I should give her the "poisoned kiss" of the British Secret Service. Still I suppose if you have led a melodramatic life you recollect things melodramatically, and certainly Baroness Carla Jenssen, in her "Sensational Disclosures of a British Secret Service Agent," "I Spy" (Jarrolds. 18s.), has apparently led a life which makes even a Lyceum melodrama look tame. It all began when she was quite young, the wife of an Irishman, the mother of a little girl. She wanted to live dangerously. Her husband was apparently dangerous in the wrong sense, but true to a life of melodrama, her little daughter was the one thing she clutched frantically to her bosom. A pity, then, that this little girl vanishes after the maternal ecstasy is over in the first chapter. But indeed she could not very well have accompanied her mother on her perilous Secret Service expeditions. Still it was queer that so much maternal love should . . . Well, anyway, what *could* a woman do with a child when, to begin with, she had to penetrate in disguise into the native districts of South Africa to discover if the inhabitants were arming and from which source they were being supplied. Nor could she be anything other than a nuisance when her mother came over to London and lived the idiotic existence of the rich and idle in order to discover how cocaine was being brought into England and supplied regularly to its addicts. This dope episode is certainly among

the most exciting in the book. Imagine Eaton Square, a magnificently furnished house run as a club; a heterogeneous collection of people from all ranks of society; a mysterious "Cousin Tim" in charge of it all. Then the trip to Holland as an agent for "Cousin Tim"; the wily trap laid for her undoing, the danger, the suspense, the awful moment when "Cousin Tim" realized he had been double-crossed by the Baroness—oh, yes, indeed, mere melodrama pales beside the thrill of it all. Incidents equally exciting yet to come. The beautiful and mysterious Spanish woman who placed hypodermic syringes in the cushions of her chairs; the Indian agitator who was trapped by women Secret Service agents disguised as



CAPTAIN CONRAD FRENCH

Who is now holding an exhibition of his excellent pictures at Claridge's Galleries, Brook Street. Captain Conrad French was formerly in the 17th Lancers



MISS MOLLY VAUGHAN

One of the portrait studies in Captain Conrad French's interesting exhibition at Claridge's Galleries which is now open



LADY HELEN BONHAM CARTER AND HER SON RAYMOND

A recent snapshot in the garden of Sir Maurice and Lady Helen Bonham Carter's town house. Lady Helen Bonham Carter is the elder of the two daughters of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith and a sister of the Princess Bibesco

beautiful *femmes-de-chambre*; the appalling moment when the Baroness and her fellow spy were trapped in an underground cellar of a Dieppe café to be almost murdered by Russian Communists who were that evening planning to set the British Empire ablaze; above all, that potent and mysterious scent, the secret of which had been divulged to the writer by a fortune-teller in the East End—a perfume which made men languorous and women irresistible. Equally marvellous that subtle poison which was best administered to a victim by kisses of the most prolonged intimacy. This is all a mere outline of the contents of a book which is certainly thrilling to read, appears to "ring true," and is undeniably a record of astonishing revelations. Moreover the Baroness knows how to make the most of her subject. She can work up to a tense moment with the best story-tellers. Love, passion, poison, secret documents, pistols, mysterious houses in lonely streets, night-clubs, cabarets, high Society, low society, statesmen, adventuresses, procuresses, dope fiends, Bolsheviks—the book is a vivid procession of such things and such people. No wonder her little daughter and the deep love she has for her disappear after the first few pages! And how *did* she manage to sleep night after night with a Russian Bolshevik, although nothing happened except long talks on Bolshevism, in a respectable Southampton lodging-house without the landlady wanting to know the reason *why*—at least of all that talk? It is very mysterious, but undoubtedly exciting. Anyway, ours not to question. We have only to enjoy the thrills. And certainly "I Spy" is a book packed with them. Consequently it should have a big success, if only for the fact that it makes life so much more exciting when you realize that an innocent bunch of flowers on a lady's dress may mean an important message, that the tap-tap of an old gentleman's walking-stick may form part of an actual code, and that it is possible to be kissed by a beautiful stranger and off you go into complete oblivion, and away go all the things out of your attaché case! And that's merely a bit of everyday life in the Secret Service—even in peace time. Oh why wasn't I born a sleuth?

## A Memorable and Beautiful Book.

**A**nd yet—somewhat of a relief to leave all that Secret Service slap-dash and to begin that hauntingly moving and beautiful book, "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), by Siegfried Sassoon. After his "Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man" one demanded a sequel, fearing at the same time that the sequel could not equal in interest the earlier book. But "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" is even more memorable. It continues the biography of George Sherston through the years of the War until, suffering from wounds and shell-shock, it leaves him in hospital mentally revolting against the waste and cruelty and ghastliness of all warfare. Maybe most people will look upon it merely as a War book, but it is something so much more than that, or rather what they mean when they describe it thus. It is the story of a

(Continued on p. 158)



## WHAT SHE LACKED

By George Belcher



Mistress: You can leave either Thursday or Friday. Have you any preference?

Cook: No; they didn't give me one at my last situation!



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

man's inner life, who asked for nothing better than peace and friendship, country life, country scenes, the blue sky above him, and all the loveliness and friendly fellowship and beauty which is Nature; this same man being forced to live the existence of a killer of men, enduring the filth, the discomfort, the horror which is war, and trying to endure it as a patriot. Yet there are no sneers, no grumbles, nor any of those unpleasant details by which so many books on the War have sought to recreate in the imagination of their readers a reflection of what the soldiers went through. It is the War-biography of a man who saw where his duty lay and tried to follow it, though he loathed every step of the way. Yet gradually, and by the most subtle means, he conveys in his book the slow, yet ever-increasing resentment against such human slaughter, such suffering, such incalculable waste. All the while his spirit desperately tries to find comfort and courage in glimpses which even war cannot hide of human greatness, the beauty of the world which mankind has inherited and appreciates to so little purpose. Only gradually, as time goes on and on, and his health gives way, the horror of it usurps the place of every other emotion. A horror all the greater for the extravagance and frivolity which he finds when he returns to London on leave. For me this is a book which it is a privilege to read. Somewhat weary of ordinary war books I never skipped a line of this one. It is of course impossible to treat the War as it affected humanity in a universal sense, but it seems to me that "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" has achieved it so far as it can ever be achieved. It is the memoir of one man, and yet it is also the memoir of a million men, the ordinary decent men who in the War fought and suffered, died, or lived on in obscurity. It is among the very few books of the War which, I am convinced, has within it the intellectual and emotional quality which will endure.

## A Gay, Irreverent Wandering.

Last week I had to take what most people would consider a long railway journey. But I do not dislike a long railway journey—providing it is long. One settles oneself down, and the knowledge that, barring an accident, nothing nor anybody can worry you until you get to your destination has in it something of that utter peacefulness which settles down upon you as you set forth on a long sea voyage. Two books, moreover, passed the time very pleasantly for me indeed. Going, I read Mr. Gilbert Frankau's new novel, "Martin Make-Believe" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), easily the best story he has given us since "Peter Jackson." Returning, Evelyn Waugh's account of his wandering in the Mediterranean, "Labels" (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), made the time pass so quickly that, because I had not finished it when I arrived, I had a mind to buy another ticket and go back again! I must confess that, as a travel book, "Labels" is something after my own heart. It is interesting as well as amusing, and Mr. Waugh is the kind of traveller who is curious but not in the least awed . . . no, not even by any of the Seven Wonders of the World. He would probably dismiss them summarily as having been written about to death—as indeed they all have been. On the other hand, what happened to him *en route*, his fellow travellers, and all the unexpected incidents of travel (which is always the greater part of the fun of it) he would make so entertaining that the "Wonder," when we arrived at it, would leave us quite contented if he dismissed it as

gaily as he dismissed the Serapeum in Egypt which was the burial-place of the sacred bulls. "It was like a completely unilluminated tube railway station. We were each given a candle, and our guide marched on in front with a magnesium flare. . . . We marched very solemnly the full length of the tunnel, our guide counting the coffins aloud for us; there were twenty-four of them, each so massive that the excavating engineers could devise no means of removing them. Most of the Americans counted aloud with him. . . . One, two, three, four . . . twenty-four dead bulls; not twenty-three or twenty-five. How could they remember twenty-four? Why, to be sure, it was the number of Aunt Mabel's bedroom at Luxor." But don't go away with the idea, however, that "Labels" is just the funny parts of an interesting journey picked out and the rest treated irreverently. It is wonderful what a lot of interesting information Mr. Waugh can impart

while he is making us laugh. The chapter on the fantastical architectural work of Gaudi, in Barcelona, is a case in point. As a book of travel "Labels" is so entertaining because he looks at everything with the quizzing, irreverent eyes of youth, and also because he concentrates wherever he goes on those aspects which the earnest traveller would think it beneath his dignity to write about. That's why I hope the success of "Labels" will encourage Evelyn Waugh to go off again—I don't care where he goes because it won't matter. He'll be able to make an entertaining and interesting book about it. As a traveller he has that kind of mental flair. All the same, I hope his next will be better illustrated. The illustrations of his present volume seem more like an after-thought than a design.

## London.

The industry of London lovers is proverbial. Here we have a volume devoted entirely to "London Lanes" (The Bodley Head. 15s.), which must have necessitated a tremendous amount of research on the part of its author, Mr. Alan Stapleton. For he not only searches London for all the lanes which still exist, but he tells us something of the history of those lanes

which are lanes no longer. Perhaps the information is a little too concise to make his book one to interest everybody; there is so little other than information in it, information plain and unvarnished by any picturesque conjecture. But the illustrations by the author are some of the most attractive I have ever seen. They possess the true atmosphere of London about them—an atmosphere by no means easy to capture. So for a real London lover, apart from a casual one, this book will be a necessity.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxxii of this issue.

## UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.



"Do you know how to tell if the water's right for baby?"  
"Yes, mum—if its too 'ot they turns red and if its too cold they goes blue"



# AS IT HAPPENS

## A London Wedding and Other Fixtures



A HAPPY COUPLE: LORD AND LADY WATERFORD LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S

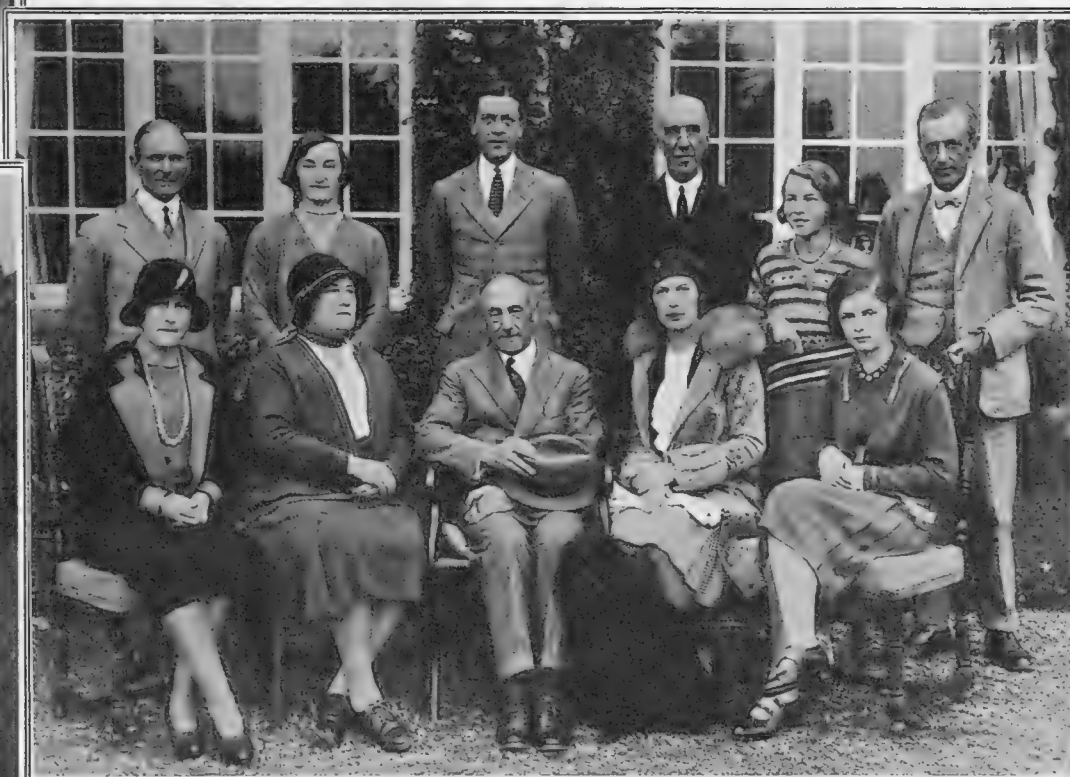


AT THE WATERFORD-LINDSAY WEDDING: Left—LADY DOREEN PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE AND LADY SHERIDAN; Right—CAPTAIN THE HON. SIMON AND MRS. RODNEY

The marriage of the Marquess of Waterford, M.F.H., to Miss Juliet Lindsay took place last week at St. George's, Hanover Square, quantities of people forgathering to wish this popular young couple well. Mr. David Balcarras Lindsay gave away his daughter, who looked her most charming self in traditional white satin. The guests included many representatives of Ireland, among them Lord Donoughmore's only daughter, who is the wife of Lord Radnor's brother. Mrs. Simon Rodney, Lord Rodney's sister-in-law, was formerly Miss Sadie Greenwood and is a Canadian



PLAYING GOOD GOLF IN ITALY: LADY ALNESS AND MRS. A. S. MATTHEWS



Vivyan Poole, Dublin

LORD JELlicoe IN CO. KILDARE: A LUNCHEON PARTY GROUP AT CURRAGH GRANGE

Admiral Earl Jellicoe's recent visit to Ireland to inspect branches of the British Legion included a call on Sir Harry and Lady Greer. In front—Mrs. Henry, Lady Greer (President of the South of Ireland British Legion), Lord Jellicoe, Mrs. Barker, and Miss Erica Greer. Standing—Captain de Burgh, Miss Graham, Captain G. Barker, Brig.-General Browne-Clayton, and Vice-Admiral Craig-Waller, who fought in the Battle of Jutland. After lunch the National Stud was visited. The snapshot on the left was taken at the Menaggio Golf Club, where the Ladies' Open Championship of Italy was held. Mrs. Matthews won and Lady Alness was runner-up





H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST HORSHAM WITH MR. A. C. E. FLECKER

H.R.H. recently flew to West Horsham to open a new block of science buildings and a new quadrangle at the Bluecoat Boys' School, Christ's Hospital. Mr. A. C. E. Flecker is the headmaster

been, is being, or is about to be treated in book, play, or film, yet the work of the Royal Flying Corps remains unsung except by Americans. American writers and film producers see in the adventures of the Royal Flying Corps matter that is too good to be missed, and so on the talkies we hear British Flying Corps Officers speaking with an American accent that could be cut with a knife. But no English producer, no English writer, has yet made a great story out of the richest material that has been presented free to those who care to make use of it. The lives of many, perhaps of most of those who wore the double-breasted tunic (it had its name like the streamline cap that went with it), were amazing adventures from the moment they joined the Service to the moment they were demobilized. Much of what they did is unprintable in the country that killed D. H. Lawrence because he forgot the fig-leaves; but even so a diluted version might have appeared by now. It is regrettable that the officers of the Royal Flying Corps have never yet told the world their story. And one welcomes all the more readily a book which, though it does not deal except incidentally with flying, is written by one who belonged to that service. It is called "Missing," and is written by Flight-Lieutenant T. B. Bruce, who is now in the Royal Air Force, stationed at Farnborough.

One day in 1917 a formation of four Sopwith Camels set out on an offensive patrol over the German lines. There were thick clouds and they flew above them. After flying for a long time without seeing the ground they came through the clouds but were unable to recognise the ground below. So they landed and found that they were some 120 miles the enemy's side of the lines. Two out of the four engines stopped after the landing, but one was easily started again, and three of the patrol took off with the intention of flying back to their aerodrome. But the engine of one, Flight-Lieutenant Bruce's aeroplane, refused to start. He set fire to his machine, and with the aid of some Belgian peasants who had arrived procured a suit of peasant's clothes and left the scene of the landing. Thereafter for thirteen weeks he was in hiding behind the German lines. The Belgians were wonderfully good to him, for which most of them

## AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

"Missing."

**I**F the Navy is a silent service the Royal Flying Corps must be regarded as dumb. We have had, since "All Quiet on the Western Front," a spate of mud and blood which does not seem even now to show much sign of abating. Every aspect of trench warfare has

received severe punishment from the Germans later on, and finally with the help of one Gustave, he succeeded in escaping by way of the German-Dutch frontier. The story is in itself a natural story. It works up with an inevitability like that in a Dreiser novel to the moment when the German sentry is killed and Flight-Lieutenant Bruce and Gustave make their wild dash for freedom. Flight-Lieutenant Bruce tells it well, in the way it should be told, rapidly and without literary airs and graces. Sometimes he brings about a tension that is not often to be found in modern fiction, as when he is hiding under the mattress with a member of the German patrol that is searching for him sitting on top. My only complaint is that he too often fails to delve into his sensations when those should have been supremely interesting. He never goes deep, and there seems to be much that he skates rapidly over when it might have been treated in greater detail. But everyone who can enjoy a real plot more intricate and more exciting than even those devised by Mr. Edgar Wallace will appreciate this book.

### C.I. Aero-Engines.

**A**n experiment which should be watched by all aeroplane-owners is now approaching the final stage at Croydon Aerodrome. It is an attempt to produce a light aeroplane with a compression-ignition engine running on heavy oil fuel. Mr. Feeden, after spending many years experimenting with C.I. air-cooled engines at Bristol, has come to the conclusion that engines of this type of under 200 h.p., would be extremely heavy, weighing something over 4 lb. per h.p. and, even more important, that the saving in weight of fuel resulting from the improved economy of the C.I. engine does not begin to counter-balance the extra weight of the engine until the aircraft has flown continuously for more than 10½ hours. Light aircraft rarely fly so long as this at a stretch, so that the weight of a small C.I. engine installation complete would be more than that of a petrol-engine installation of the same power. Another defect of the C.I. engine for light aeroplanes is its rough running. C.I. engines of the types that have been tried so far seem usually to run roughly, possibly because of the high-compression pressures. Rough running is a serious draw-back in a light aeroplane, in which every attempt should be made to give the greatest possible comfort.

In spite of the unpromising results of the Bristol researches an aircraft is to be built with a C.I. engine to the designs of Mr. A. A. Sidney. This new engine is an extraordinarily interesting production which I hope to deal with at length when it has



F/O W. E. P. JOHNSON

Our greatest up-side-down flight exponent. Mr. Johnson's recent displays have been a delight to watch and his inverted turns with the aeroplane vertically banked prove that he is every bit as happy up side down as right way up



A MOTH IN BARCELONA

How the very up-to-date travel, ready for any emergency, in that famous town of Spain. The idea is that where the car cannot go the 'plane can, and vice versa

(Cont. on p. xxvi)



## At Comarques in Essex



"PUT 'EM UP": LADY FAIRFAX  
REFEREES THE BATTLE BE-  
TWEEN THE HON. THOMAS AND  
THE HON. PEREGRINE FAIRFAX



THE HON. PEREGRINE FAIRFAX STRAPPING HIS OWN "HUNTER"

Lord and Lady Fairfax's beautiful Essex house at Thorpe-le-Soken was at one time occupied by that famous "littérateur," Mr. Arnold Bennett, and is one of the most charming spots in the county. The Hon. Thomas Fairfax, the Master of Fairfax, was born in 1923, and his brother, the only other child, is two years younger. Lady Fairfax, who was married in 1922, was formerly Miss Maud McKelvie and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McKelvie of Duckyls Park, East Grinstead. Lord Fairfax, who is the twelfth of his line, is a descendant of the victorious Parliamentarian General of Marston Moor. He was in chief command of the Northern Forces and was a son of the first Lord Fairfax, formerly Sir Thomas Fairfax, Kt.



COMARQUES, THORPE-LE-SOKEN, ESSEX

# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER. . . . Since the Press performance of the new revue at the Casino de Paris I have been looking forwards to this moment, and the pleasure it brings me to be able to tell you of Josephine Baker's entire and well-deserved success. Judging too hastily from what I had seen of her a few seasons ago when, in the Revue *Nègre*, and at the Folies Bergère, she was nothing but a posturing and grimacing little creature who seemed to take pleasure in wilfully spoiling her own loveliness, my comments on her promotion to Stardom, made on this page a fortnight ago, were, to say the least, pessimistic. Well I am delighted to eat my words. She has ceased her grimaces and her contortions, and she has become, almost miraculously it seems to me, a clever actress, a sweet-voiced singer, and her dancing is as graceful as her beautiful, slim body and perfect, long-muscled limbs can make it. It is a sheer joy to watch and listen to her. And how the audience responded. She was recalled again and again, and it was really moving to see with what diffidence, and then with what grateful joy she bowed to the applause, murmuring shyly—one could not hear but one could see the movement of her lips—"merci . . . merci . . . oh merci beaucoup!" She has also, by the way, learned to speak French with only the slightest accent, and that a very charming one. In her dressing-room during the interval she still had to be reassured as to the reality of her triumph; she anxiously inquired of her old friends amongst the many visitors who flocked to congratulate her: "Are you sure it's alright . . . are you sure the audience is pleased?"

I had expected to find her in the big, double dressing-room—the only one at the back of the Casino stage that is at all airy—that has always been used by Maurice Chevalier, the Dolly sisters, and more recently by Mistinguett, but it had been closed and locked by the latter's orders. When somebody remarked on this Josephine (she is already Josephine—*tout-court*—to the lad in the street) shrugged her pretty shoulders



JOSEPHINE BAKER

Sobol, Paris

The leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin . . . but Josephine Baker, the beautiful dusky star of the Casino de Paris, has so changed her manner that she has now well earned her right to "the electrics" over the door, and the great triumph she now enjoys in the new revue is magnificently earned and deserved

and said, "Oh, I don't mind . . . it's not one's dressing-room that makes for one's success." True, oh Queen, but nevertheless it would have been a pretty gesture on the part of *grandmère* (the chorus's nickname for Mis') to have given her young successor the dressing-room that has always belonged to every Star. Mistinguett and Raquel Meller were seated in the stage-box, and it was with a very dainty curtsy that Josephine offered them the flowers that were handed up to her at the end of the performance; it was obvious, however, that both Mis' and Raquel are entirely of the opinion that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The whole revue is gorgeous. Josephine is supported by a very fine company of revue favourites, led by that remarkably good-looking lad, Pierre Meyer, who speaks (or rather sings) such very good English. Indeed the splendour of Josephine's presentation is so elaborate that anyone with less talent might well have been swamped.

Now I must tell you about the new Ambassadeurs. (At this time of the year there are about eight new productions every week in Paris!) The airy, spacious, modern building that Camille Wyn has erected on the site of the old Ambassadeurs . . . the dear old "Ambass." where, in the days of very very long ago, Yvette Guilbert, then a sallow, slim creature in a green frock, long black gloves, and tight-drawn, rather greasy black hair, sang her most daring songs on a little stage set in the midst of the greenness of the Champs Élysées, a little stage lit by gas jets whose hissing-flames could be heard almost above the orchestra. It was there also that Maurice Chevalier, a tall and lanky youth of eighteen in skin-tight jersey "trousers" (and a red nose, O fair admirers of to-day!!), sang comic songs that moved the males in the audience to helpless laughter, but left the ladies distinctly cold!! The gas-lights however had already given place to electric footlights when Maurice first dawned on the horizon. A little later the stage was enlarged and more or less elaborate "summer" revues were given there. Gaby Deslys was then a favourite dancer and singer of gay, foolish little songs, and Mistinguett played in a revue by Rip in 1912. Since the War the Dolly Sisters made their first great success in Paris at the "Ambass.," and later were instrumental in its transformation by de Sayag into a super-cabaret where Florence Mills sang her way into our hearts and June danced delightfully . . . when she was "only" June.

And now M. Camille Wyn, to whom Paris owes the production of so many musical-comedy successes from the States and also Mrs. Frank Vernon's remarkable adaptation of *Journey's End*, has given us a pukka theatre on the old site. A building of clean, graceful lines; spacious exits and entrances; roomy foyers and passages; and, welcome innovation in Paris, no tips are to be offered to the neatly-uniformed lads who act as ushers! It is true that we are told that they are needy medical students to whom Camille Wyn has offered the job at a fixed and—if I know Wyn—generous salary!—With love, Très Cher, P.



"MISS FLORENCE"

Mitchell Studios

The beautiful ex-Hoffmann Girl, who has made good in Paris—all off her own bat! She is actually starring in the new revue at the Casino de Paris after a brilliant season in New York



## THE HEROINE OF "BITTER SWEET"



MISS PEGGY WOOD (MRS. JOHN WEAVER) AND HER SON DAVID

Her wonderful performance in the part of Lady Shayne in "Bitter Sweet," which has been running at His Majesty's since July, 1929, is one of the things which has made this good play the big success it is. We first meet Lady Shayne in the Jazz era of the Bright Young of to-day, whose goings-on fail to shock her. We then switch back fifty years and find out why. When she was a Bright Young, Lady Shayne succumbed to her Austrian singing master in Vienna. Miss Peggy Wood is an American, and was born in Brooklyn. She made her stage debut at the Globe Theatre, New York, in 1910, when she was in the chorus of the musical comedy, "The Old Town." "Bitter Sweet" was her first London appearance, and she has taken this old town by storm.

*Photograph by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street*



## THE BORDER HUNT 'CHASES



MISS JEAN SCOTT

TALKING THINGS OVER: MR. ECKFORD,  
COLONEL MUDIE, AND MISS MUDIE

THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON



MRS. McLEAN AND COLONEL MILVAIN



THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE



LORD AND LADY PLUNKET

Kelso is the venue for the United Border Hunts Steeplechases, a two-day fixture which attracts sporting Scottish Society from far and near. For a change, favourites were fulfilling expectations, no fewer than ten being successful at the meeting. Of these, Mrs. Don's Triplex scored a fine double by winning both on the Friday and the Saturday. The longest-priced winner was Jolly Friar, on which the Tote paid 168s. It is interesting to note that the Racecourse Betting Control Board have decided to raise the percentage deducted from tote pools from six per cent. to ten per cent. at all meetings under National Hunt rules. This change, which has been anticipated in many quarters, took effect from October 15. Lady Haddington and Lady Plunket were both looking most agreeable at Kelso, the former in an enviable fur coat and the latter in the neatest of tweeds. The Duchess of Roxburghe, also very "bien mise," had only a short distance to come, being in residence at Floors Castle. Roxburghshire is Miss Jean Scott's home county too, for she is the daughter of Lord and Lady George Scott, and lives at Kirklands



# CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AT KEMPTON



MRS. BULTEEL AND THE  
HON. MRS. HENRY TUFTON



PRINCE ALI KHAN AND THE HON.  
MRS. ESMOND HARMSWORTH



COLONEL THE HON. WILFRED  
EGERTON AND MRS. EGERTON



LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP AND  
MR. CLAYTON IN THE PADDOCK



LORD D'ABERNON AND  
THE HON. MRS. BEATTY



MR. FORBES OF CALLENDAR  
TALKING TO MISS HOTHAM

Though the second day of the Kempton Park meeting had the Duke of York Handicap on its card, a comparatively small number of people were present to see M. de Wittouck's Hot Bun win the first of the important autumn handicaps. This was a pity, for racing conditions were very pleasant. The totalisator odds, too, gave satisfaction, and the two winning tickets in the daily double, which is at present always on the third and fifth races, each drew £995 17s. for a 10s. stake. Prince Ali Khan had an interest in the Kempton Park Plate, the Aga Khan's Sarragossa starting a good favourite for this event, but the filly again disappointed, being beaten all the way by Majority Calling and Quadrel. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, who has every reason to be pleased with her successful season, had no horses running at the meeting, but Lord D'Abernon had Diocletian in the Queen Elizabeth Plate on the Friday. Mrs. "Vandy" Beatty's many friends were full of inquiries about her husband, whose leg injury recently necessitated an operation in London. He is now, however, making a good recovery

# THE PASSING SHOWS

"Private Lives,"  
at the  
Phœnix Theatre



EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

Amanda (Miss Gertrude Lawrence) and Elyot  
(Mr. Noel Coward) meet and love is re-born

WHAT a night it was to be sure. The Gogs and the Magogs. The brave and the fair. How they doted and dazzled, preened and pushed. Was ever a *première* so crashingly *soigné*? I thought not, definitely, as soon as I crossed the portals of the new Phoenix, risen in glory amid the music shops of the Charing Cross Road. For there, leaning against a Renaissance pillar, with a top-hat which bore the sheen of chromium-plating, a white tie of surpassing chic and an ebony cane, was . . . But no.

I must leave the public grandeur of the audience and turn to the *Private Lives* of Mr. Noel Coward's matrimonial foursome. This play gave me the best evening's amusement I have had in the theatre for years. It fooled me with its flashes of sentiment, its stray glimpses of tenderness, its artful artificiality.

Always it stimulated, always it "held." It fooled me again, as soon as that theme song began the burden of its melting "Sonny Boy" refrain: Somewhere I'll find you Moonlight behind you . . . Somewhere I'll find you—again.

"Curse this ditty," I said to myself, envying the butcher's boy whose ear for a clinging phrase would not burn at the author-actor-singer's excuse. . . . "Strange, isn't it, the potency of cheap music." What cunning, what infernal cheek! To insinuate "cheap music" into a bed-and-balcony comedy as a sort of moonlit halo for passion, just because you, being the composer of *Bitter Sweet*, could play it yourself on the piano and your leading

lady, being Miss Gertrude Lawrence, could sing it, when her turn came, with all those breaks in the voice and tricks of the trade which make all the difference.

There are two ways of looking at *Private Lives*: (1) through the spectacles, dimmed with laughter, of the moment; (2) in the *post mortem* mood which probes below the surface of two crowded hours of bubble and squeak. Is all this sophisticated, feckless, irresponsible Flippancy the stuff that will endure? Fifty years on, what will the connoisseurs of modern comedy think of its veneer of wit, its *exposé* of manners, its conversational cross-talk? Will Coward bear revival? Will he live as long as Wilde or Maugham or Lonsdale?

What was wit in Wilde's day still is if you select the right epigrams. Mr. Coward makes himself say, apropos the use of physical force between the sexes, "Certain women should be beaten regularly like gongs." Whereat the house laughed deliriously. Is this a cheap gibe or isn't it? Is it a case of "the importance of being Coward" destroying the art of distinguishing between the champagne at the bottom, and the froth on top, of the glass?

Here, roughly, are one or two sallies which draw laughter:

I spent a ghastly week-end at Brighton with a woman called Vera Williams. She had the nastiest-looking hair-brush I've ever seen.

Mother was right about you—she always said you had shifty eyes.

I wonder whose yacht it is . . . The Duke of Westminster's I expect—it always is.

I imagined you bouncing about on divans with awful widows . . .

Charming floor isn't it? . . . Is that the Grand Duchess Olga lying under the piano? So kind of Lady Bundle . . . so gay too. Did you



THEY JAZZ

And all is peace and joy



SHE SULKS

It is the rumble of the thunder before  
the storm





THEY MAKE IT UP

natural; unlimited cheek, sly, sardonic, and scintillating; and, of course, superlative acting.

If ever there was a play to avoid being pompous and prophetic about *Private Lives* is that play. Mr. Coward speaks to and for a certain set of the younger generation. Who shall blame him for playing to the stalls? Mayfair, all said and done, is more amusing than Surbiton. In any age the gilded few command their own chroniclers. I see no crime in being frivolous consistently or occasionally vulgar. The satirist, like the poet, must have his licence. *Private Lives* may not be a classic among "conversation pieces"—it may not survive a decade—but as a means of topical refreshment it has all the tonic qualities of a first-rate cocktail. Moreover it takes a shaker who is master of his art to make nectar out of but two bottles. Mr. Coward's innate sense and knowledge of the theatre have never achieved so many bricks with less straw.

The story? Simply this. Elyot (Mr. Coward) and Amanda (Miss Lawrence) married, loved feverishly, bickered eternally, and were divorced after a brief sirocco of unbridled temperaments. Five years later they meet by chance on their second honeymoons. Elyot has chosen Sybil (Miss Adrienne Allen), a pretty, colourless bromide. Amanda has married Victor (Mr. Laurence Olivier), a dull, kindly dog with no sense of humour. It is obvious in each case that the second venture will end as disastrously as the first. Elyot and Amanda are maddening, impossible, unbalanced, amusing creatures, the last people to achieve the humdrum domesticity of marriage. They live on their nerves, a pair of cynical, amoral buffoons who refuse to grow up. When they meet on their respective balconies the moon is playing romantic tricks with the blue Mediterranean. The band below plays the waltz song of honeymoon memories. Each realizes that the old love still holds. There are a few skilful moments of sincerity, then, with no pang of conscience, not even an explanatory note to their expectant partners cheated of a honeymoon, the pair skedaddle to Paris.

Act II (Amanda's flat) is just a duet; at the piano, over the liqueur brandy, on the sofa, dancing to the gramophone, making love, making jokes, discussing death—"a gloomy merging into everything"—atheism, even bulls' glands ("cow glands for you dearest"), skimming over the surface of passion and persiflage. Kissing, kissing and again kissing; quarrelling and making it up. When male dressing-gown and feminine pyjamas are in intimate proximity on the sofa, Amanda at last breaks away from a more than usually fervent embrace. It is "too soon after dinner." Elyot is hurt. "You have no sense of glamour," he

notice her blowing shrimps through her ear-trumpet? . . .

AMANDA: Foreign travel . . . nothing like it . . . the strange places you see and the strange food you eat—

ELYOT: And the strange noises you make afterwards . . .

For heaven's sake let's be thankful for small mercies. We came for mirth not a masterpiece. And we got what we wanted—endless chatter, bold as brass and twice as



BUT IT DOES NOT LAST LONG

A catch-as-catch-can scrap in which the fur flies



BUT IN THE END . . .

Amanda and Elyot, having broken the peace of re-union and the furniture, steal away into the blue, leaving their respective second partners vociferously sparring on their own account

complains. Then the fur begins to fly. Gramophone records are broken, lamps and chairs are knocked over, blow answers blow. Amid the invective and the slapping Victor and Sybil walk in to see the quitters rolling over each other, taking the sofa with them, like two warring fox-terriers. Curtain.

Act III—the morning after—forces the pace with surprising ingenuity. The verbal battledore is lightly beaten in single and foursome. There is a gloriously uncomfortable breakfast episode, and then when Amanda looks like being kind to Victor, and Sybil seems to be "managing" Elyot, the game undergoes a sudden change.

The atmosphere is too infectious for pent-up feelings, and Victor and Sybil, to the amazed delight of the others take the gloves off on their account. Voices rise, faces are smacked, the scrap goes forward in good earnest, and Elyot and Amanda, smiling and serene again, steal out on tip-toe, suit-cases in hand, leaving the new rivals in the thick of the hurly-burly. To what destination and with what chance of happiness is not stated.

The acting of Mr. Coward and Miss Lawrence is quite perfect. I lack both space and superlatives to do justice to its delicate timing and a hundred subtle touches, sung, spoken, or merely looked. Mr. Coward's enigmatic maddening smile and heartless mock-gravity would incite an archangel to murder. Not a line was wasted, not a gesture missed its mark. Miss Lawrence, with whole gamuts of humour, glamour, and witchery at her finger-tips, unfolds a range of comedy which is an inspired blend of gifts natural and acquired. There is as much subtlety in her listening silences as in her rippling movements.

These two, with their intuitive sense of the theatre, play with words as sunshine with rippling water. Passionate clowns conjuring with heart-ache; incorrigible jesters slapping till it hurts!

Miss Adrienne Allen and Mr. Laurence Olivier play the second fiddles of nonentity in perfect pitch. For this dazzling and delectable evening I am truly thankful.

"TRINCULO."

## AROUND AND ABOUT



AT LOCH BUIE: LORD AND LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD, AND THE HON. DIANA AND THE HON. JOHN SKEFFINGTON

Arthur Owen



(On right) MISS GLADYS MARSH (MRS. CECIL DUDGEON)

Hul Linden



AT WORPLESDON: MR. AND MRS. A. P. F. CHAPMAN AND MRS. GOLD



THE MIDLAND RETRIEVER TRIALS: MRS. CHARLES PEACOCK, MR. HUGH PEACOCK, AND LADY KESTIVEN

Hul

Lord and Lady Massereene, who are seen with their only son and daughter, were in the Isle of Mull. Lady Massereene is a daughter of the late Sir John Ainsworth, Bart., of Ardanaisig, Kilchrenan, Argyllshire. Miss Gladys Marsh, who in private life is the wife of Major Cecil Randolph Dudgeon, the Liberal M.P. for Galloway, was at the Lido. Mrs. Dudgeon is the winner of the second "Daily Mail" beauty prize. The ex-cricket captain of England and his wife were watching the mixed foursomes at Worplesdon last week. The Midland Counties Retriever Trials were held in weather that was almost summery. Mr. Hugh Peacock, who is well known with the Fitzwilliam Hounds, is with his cup winner, Greatford Beta. Lady Kesteven is well known in the Quorn and Cottesmore countries



## A "TATLER" FASHION

*"The Tatler" will publish every Month an original Fashion Design by  
Gordon Conway suitable for the Season*



*An evening frock in heavy white crêpe, made on princess lines. The sides of the skirt are half-circles which hang loose from the under-skirt back and front. The wrap is in white chiffon-velvet trimmed with white fox*







## MOTHER'S SAMPLER

*From the picture by Charles Spencelayh*



AN IMPRESSION OF NEWMARKET AS SEEN

Drawn by C. F. DAVIES





SEEN THROUGH FOREIGN RACEGLASSES

by C. F. Bauer



ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

ROMANCE  
AND  
ABDULLA

### GERANIA THE GIPSY

Fine Gentleman—give me a silken shawl to cover my ragged dresses,  
Or a great comb carved out of tortoiseshell to set off my night-black  
tresses.

Pity Gerania, the Gipsy lass, who sleeps 'neath the City arches!  
I came with my Tribe from far away, and starved on our mountain  
marches.

I'll sing you the lilting songs of Spain and teach you "mimosa" glances,  
For earrings swinging in hoops of gold, to flaunt at our Romany  
dances.

And I'll read your fortune, fine Gentleman, with Good Luck heaped  
ten times over,

For a magic Box of Abdulla's Bliss—to share with my Gipsy Lover!

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN





THE NEW MEMBER OF THE ATHENAEUM CLUB WHO ASKED THE WAY  
TO THE COCKTAIL BAR

By H. M. Bateman





# WHO SAID...

## the 'good old days' have gone?



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# Craven

*Mixture Tobacco*



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The velvet coats lose their brilliant sheen, the powdered wigs softly sink into darkness, the cheery, robust faces fade into dancing shadows . . . a candle makes its last flickering bid for life . . . through the darkness peep two red glows . . . growing dim, brighter, dim, brighter . . . burning evenly, with an aroma that's heavenly . . . a silent conversation between two men . . . perfect understanding, yet only gentle puffs pass between their lips.

To-day, yesterday, the day before . . . since the day when the Third Earl of Craven commanded Craven Mixture to be specially blended, men have sat like this . . . some say it's solitude . . . but you and I know better . . . we know Craven. In the good old-fashioned way, it is still patiently blended. In the good old tin it is still packed. In the good old briar it still gives a heavenly aroma and satisfaction that makes us smile at modern methods . . . yes, the good old days are still with us . . . in Craven Mixture, 2 ozs. 2/5.



## A BOW BELLE!



MISS CLARA BOW

The lady who made such a hit in a film called "It" and ever since has been called "The It Girl," is noted throughout the world as Hollywood's undisputed Titian-haired Queen. Her newest picture is called "Her Wedding Night," which would seem as if it might hold out possibilities for Miss Clara Bow's electrifying personality. How she came to be captured for the films was by winning a beauty competition while she was still at school. She was born in New York in 1906, and made her first appearance on the films in 1922.



## ON TRIAL AT LILFORD



SIR FREDERICK AND LADY ROBINSON AT THE  
MIDLAND COUNTIES RETRIEVER TRIALS



MR. R. L. FARLEY AND HIS  
LABRADOR, WORNDITCH TRIXI,  
WITH MISS ROXBY AND MR.  
ARTHUR LASCELLES



MR. ALINGTON AND HIS ENTRY, TITBITS,  
WITH LORD LILFORD, THE PRESIDENT



COLONEL AND MRS. M. ROMER

(On the right) MISS WILSON WITH  
KETTEN VELVET AND SCUTTLE

Colonel Malcolm Romer and Sir Frederick Robinson were two of the guns who provided material for testing retrieving efficiency. Sir Frederick Robinson lives at Cranford St. John, near Kettering, and used to be in the county regiment. Miss Wilson, who finds field trials fascinating, had charge at Lilford of Dr. Wilson's Labradors

The Midland Counties Field Trials Society has great importance in the gun-dog world, and its gatherings are always well attended. Lord Lilford is President, and at last week's Retriever trials, held on his estate in Northamptonshire, he was taking a critical interest in the good work of the entries. Among them were Mr. Farley's Wornditch Trixi and Mr. C. Alington's Titbits





## THIS WAY FOR WINCANTON



LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY-COOPER, MR. ADRIAN DAINTREE, LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER, AND MISS KATHLEEN DUNN



MR. PHIPPS AND MRS. D. FORESTIER-WALKER

Lined up to observe activities in the parade ring at Wincanton Steeplechases. Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's daughters brought a large party over from St. Giles' House, and were in their usual good fettle. Miss Kathleen Dunn is a daughter of Sir James Dunn. Fields were sizeable at Wincanton. Easy Virtue, trained by Mr. Harry Brown, won the Romsey 'Chase for Mr. Tyser, and Major R. L. McCreery's Chevalier III secured the Gillingham Handicap 'Chase. Mr. Charles Phipps, who was photographed with Mrs. Devereux Forestier-Walker, is the Duke of Buccleuch's son-in-law. He lives at Chilcot, and goes to most race-meetings that are within reach



LORD STALBRIDGE AND MRS. HUNTRISS

Few West country sporting fixtures are complete without the good company of Lord Stalbridge. He had the South and West Wilts Hounds for twelve seasons, and was later a popular Joint Master of Fernie's. Yachting is one of his favourite summer amusements. Lady Alington (on the right) was Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper before her marriage. Lord Digby is an ex-Master of the Cattistock



MISS TREVILIAN AND MRS. DAVID HENEAGE



LORD DIGBY AND LADY ALINGTON

# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE Dean of a certain cathedral was one day walking through the precincts when he came upon a labourer at work. The man looked up at him and went on with his work without touching his cap. The Dean was annoyed and stopped. "My man," he said reprovingly, "do you know who I am? I am the Dean of this cathedral." The labourer looked at the Dean, and then glanced up at the magnificent building. "Darned good place, too," he said, "mind you keep it!"

The prison visitor was going round the cells, and was asking rather fatuous questions. "Was it your love of drink that brought you here?" she asked a prisoner.

"Lor', no, miss," replied the man, "you can't get nothin' here!"

A woman who was extremely wealthy but also extremely mean went into her garden one day and was amazed to find a tramp there on all fours on the lawn nibbling the grass.

"Whatever are you doing there?" she gasped in surprise.

"Madam," replied the tramp. "I am starving, and it's three days since I've touched any food."

"Oh, my poor man!" she murmured in sympathy. "Well, go round to the back garden, the grass is longer there."

A man came home in the small hours of the morning and, having a wholesome fear of his wife, decided to proceed with caution.

Taking off his boots he crept noiselessly upstairs, stealthily opened the bedroom door, and with the greatest care crawled into bed. With a sigh of relief he went off to sleep.

In the morning he looked round for his wife and suddenly remembered she had been staying with an aunt for the past fortnight.



THE VISCOUNTESS CASTLEROSSE

An impression by that clever caricaturist, "June," who adds this talent to the others with which the dramatic world is so familiar. Lord Castlerosse, who is a director of many well-known journals and himself a diligent journalist, is Lord Kenmare's son and heir.



Mabel Robey  
LADY INVERCLYDE  
("JUNE")

The witness was in the box. "How long have you known the defendant?" asked Counsel. "Ten years," was the reply. "Well, that is long enough to know a man pretty well," went on Counsel, "so perhaps you will tell the court whether you think he is the type of man who would steal this money or not." The witness seemed to hesitate at this point:

"Er—how much was it?" he asked.

The first night of the play was over and the author of the play was being congratulated by his friends. "What a wonderful villain in your play!" gushed a lady acquaintance, "I think it is so clever of you to invent such a scoundrel."

"Well," replied the dramatist, "I didn't really invent him, you know. He is a combination of all the things my wife has ever said about me."

The vicar was paying a visit to one of his parishioners to see the new twins. "And this is a little girl?" he asked, lifting one of the babies out of the cot.

"Yes, sir," said the proud father.

"And the other one? Is that of the contrary sex?"

"Yes, sir, she is a girl too."

The enraged man was uttering shrieks of pain. "Confound it, madam!" he cried, "do you realize that your dog has bitten my leg badly—yes, badly, madam?"

The dog's mistress picked up her pet.

"You naughty Fido," she said, chidingly, "I'll punish you for that! I shall take this pretty piece of ribbon off your collar for a whole week."



THE HON. MRS.  
CHARLES BAILLIE-  
HAMILTON  
By "June"

Another of Lady Inverclyde's clever sketches. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton was Miss Wanda Holden, and her husband is a brother of the Earl of Haddington



# ELIZABETH ARDEN

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MADRID

ROME



MR. AND MRS. GENE TUNNEY

The ex-champ and his charming wife at the Westchester Biltmore Steeplechase Meeting. If "Gene" had remained "in the game" it is interesting to speculate what he would have done to Carnera and a few others

could not have thought. Birds have no teeth, and I have never even heard of one having to have a beak stopped. It is surely bad enough having copies of THE TATLER full of pictures of care-free persons shooting grouse, partridges, or pheasants, playing golf at North Berwick, backing losers at Newbury, or having a dip at the Lido, and copies of "The Dental Record," with pictures of what happens to those who do not go to their dentist's every six months. To cap this with a lot of chirruping little birds hopping about and saying "Tweet, tweet," whilst the inmates (human) sit in a cold sweat, swallowing air in their gibbering funk, nothing like as brave as those heroes and heroines waiting in the Conciergerie for the rumble of the next tumbril—is the absolute edge. I cannot think how any dentist could have brought himself to do it.

And concerning dental parlours it is probable that most people in the world will have noticed how extremely shy, almost coy, their friends are at being discovered in one. The general view is that it is almost as bad as being discovered at either Bow or Vine Streets, or even being seen approaching those places, either accompanied or unaccompanied. It seems to be regarded rather as a blot on anyone's personal habits. Of course this ought not to be, but it is so. Say, for instance, Captain Batears is shown in by the gaoler, or turnkey, the person who, after asking if he has an appointment, assures him that Mr. Roadrill "won't keep you waiting more than a few moments," comes upon the lovely Mrs. Roper-Purles sitting in mute misery turning over the grimy pages of either of the journals mentioned in the preceding paragraph. He says—hoping she has not heard what the assistant torturer has remarked:

"Hullo! Who'd have thought of meeting you! Jolly morning, isn't it?"

# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

The announcement in our daily papers that the most up-to-date dental parlour yet contrived has an aviary fitted up in its centre, seems to me to be a refined form of cruelty of which even Torquemada in the moments of his brightest inspiration

And She says: "Loppy! How charming to see you again! I'm just waiting for poor Susan, my cousin, who is *in there*" (pointing to a green baize door and shuddering visibly at the sound of a gurgling groan).

And then He says, "Oh quite! As a matter of fact, I just buzzed in to pick up old Treacle Browne, you remember him, that chap in my regiment—he's simply scared stark of dentists, and asked me to come and kind of help him out—afterwards—you understand—only a local anæsthetic of course, a mere *nothing*—but you know what devils dentists are!" (another horrible noise through green baize door—something like "outgripping!"—a cross between a whistle and a scream—both look positively green and their lips quiver; he makes a movement towards door up stage as if to retire by alternate rushes of staggering feet when door opens noiselessly and enter assistant torturer).

"Mr. Roadrill is now quite ready, madam!"

\* \* \*

It has always been a matter of surprise to me why our Society photographers, who are so appallingly nosey, have never put the sickle into the rich crop in a dentist's parlour, and anyway what chances Mr. Bateman is missing for a *chef d'œuvre*: "The Man Who Tried To Be Funny in a Dental Parlour." Even so humble a person as myself has written a little love duologue, scene placed in one of these places, but no one has had the strength of character either to publish or act it. It is still on offer, this very touching and romantic little sketch—price, one



CELEBRITIES AT GULLANE

G. W. Day

The Countess of Oxford with Miss A. Lewisham of New York, and Mr. E. L. Holdright, who has been coaching H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Le Touquet

hundred guineas—and worth it. The public simply hunger for the human touch.

\* \* \*

The thoroughly cheery Christmas books are already beginning to make their appearance, and one which particularly interests me is by an admitted sceptic, Mr. C. J. S. Thompson, "The Mystery and Love of Apparitions." The author does not believe in poor Anne Boleyn driving about near Hampton Court with her head in her lap, having lost it, as even the modern

(Continued on p. xii)



G. W. Day

ALSO ON GULLANE LINKS: MRS. FREDERICK LEWISHAM AND PRINCESS BIBESCO

Mrs. Frederick Lewisham's daughter is in the group above. Princess Antoine Bibesco is a daughter of the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith





*M.F.H.:* "Well, thanks, I will! There's nothing like a long day in the saddle to make one appreciate the good things of life, and this brandy of yours is uncommon good. What is it—'65'?"

*Old Stager:* "Pooh! That seems to be the only idea some of you young fellows have about a brandy—what the date is supposed to be. If you're buying hounds at Rugby, what do you look for? How they are bred, who bred 'em, and their points. Same thing with brandy. The name of the shipper shows the breeding of a brandy—its points speak for themselves. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu, 35 years old."

*M.F.H.:* "I see. By Age out of Quality, you mean."

# MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

*Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants.*

# RUGBY RAMBLINGS



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY XV

R. S. Crisp

Which in the opening match of the season at Cambridge made a very encouraging start by beating the Old Leysians 32 to nil. The names, left to right, are: Back row—E. B. Pope, A. G. Cross, J. G. Watherston, S. M. Saunders-Jacobs, A. W. Walker, D. M. Marr, G. E. Valentine, L. H. Collison, and J. G. Bott (referee). Seated—G. Greenwood, F. M. Heywood, R. W. Smeddle, J. J. A. Embleton (captain), P. W. P. Brook, J. G. Askew, and J. A. Tallent

THESE are the days of crusades, and another little one won't do us any harm. It might, on the other hand, do a great deal of good, and a movement for the playing of brighter and better Rugby would certainly command the enthusiastic support of the majority of spectators. Except at Twickenham, which is a law unto itself, most of the onlookers are probably old players, or at any rate have some knowledge of the game, and it would be idle to say that they are generally satisfied with the fare put before them.

There is no denying the fact that in many ways Rugby improved after the visit of the All Blacks in 1905 and up to the War. Since 1918, however, any movement that has taken place is of a retrograde character, and it is high time that something was done. The English selectors, for example, might let it be known that any player in matches under their control, who perpetrated the ridiculous "attack punt" need expect no further invitations from them.

This would rule out a number of locally popular performers, it is true, but it would develop a scheme of attack based on the possession of the ball. It is better to retain the ball than to present the opposing full-back with an easy opportunity of gaining forty yards. About the only lesson the All Blacks of 1924 had to teach us was the rather elementary fact that you cannot score without the ball, and our players have not learnt it yet.

Referees, too, by keeping their eyes open and exercising any intelligence they may happen to possess, can do a great deal towards speeding the game up. I saw one the other day who, while meticulously careful in many minor matters, yet allowed an enterprising outside forward to obtain possession under his very nose, not once, but time and again. It sounds incredible, but it is an absolute fact; very likely some of my readers will remember the match.

Another comic effort by a referee a week or so ago deserves recording. As all Rugby men know, "unintentional" offside is a very rare occurrence, though many referees allow many offside offences to pass without

inflicting any punishment. But the genius under notice went to the opposite extreme. A certain player kicked the ball very hard against a member of his own side who was just in front of him. The victim had not the slightest chance of getting out of the way, and was amazed to find a penalty kick given against him.

It is difficult to cope with a mentality of this type, but really something should be done. Rugby referees, despite a popular notion to the contrary, are unpaid, and do their work out of pure love of the game, and it is proverbially ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth, but they do succeed sometimes in trying the patience of players and spectators very severely. The daily Press, by the way, might publish the names of the officials in the more important games on Saturday mornings. No one, probably, goes to a match to see a particular referee at work, but there are certain officials who would keep some of us away.

The Harlequins have begun the season well; they have many sound players at their disposal, and they are lucky in having H. C. Laird apparently fit and well again. This young gentleman, whilst not without his faults, stands by himself as a stand-off half in England. He was terribly missed in the International side last season, and as the finest potential match-winner of the day, it is very much to be hoped that he will keep sound.

Laird has been freely, even savagely, criticized for kicking too much, usually, it is to be observed, by critics who have never played a game in their lives. They, of course, do not know that a stand-off half, or a centre, may have been ordered by his captain to do a little touch-finding in order to rest his men or to give somebody a chance to recover from a shaking. Still less do they know anything about balance; "right foot" and "wrong foot" convey nothing to their minds.

Laird is not the only player who has suffered from the condemnation of the ignorant, nor will he be the last. But probably he minds it not at all, for he can point to certain brilliant

(Continued on p. xxvi)



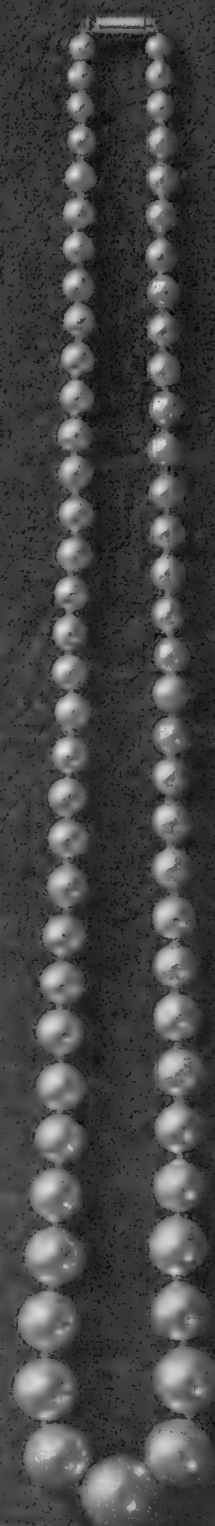
THE OLD LEYSIANS XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which was heavily beaten 32 to nil by the Cambridge University team, seen above, in the recent match at Cambridge. The names, left to right, are: Back row—I. Lindsay, J. F. Evans, J. T. Alliston, C. M. Wales, C. M. Spink, K. B. Kilner, E. S. Morris, L. H. Birch. Front row—H. S. Hargreaves, W. W. Sargent, G. M. Philp, C. N. S. Boston (captain), T. E. Morel, C. E. R. Taylor, P. W. E. Holloway



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with gold clasp, in case). One Guinea.*

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Ciro pearls are just Man's way of making easily what nature makes with such strange difficulty.

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# The Engagement

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST



"Come and sit here,"  
she said . . .

SHE sat alone in her little room that was so pretty in the evening, when the curtains were drawn and the skilfully disposed lamps were lit in their different corners, touching up both the real flowers in the vases and the printed flowers on the chintz, and suggesting by the background they left unlighted a warm enveloping intimacy which again was furthered by the purring kettle on the tea-table and by the fire glowing comfortably in the low grate.

She sat on the sofa before the tea-table very acutely aware of this brooding intimacy, her hands lying loosely joined in her lap and a vague smile full of a pleasurable expectation on her lips. Her eyes, though they took in nothing consciously of what they saw, rested on the bright order of her tea-table, the white cloth edged with lace, the tiny flame under the kettle, and the thread of steam that came from the spout. These things pleased and satisfied and caressed her; altogether the trend of her mind that evening was full of harmony and repose; she was not even excited, as many people in her circumstances might have been; no, it was rather a sense of arrival that she experienced, with its accompanying relief; arrival after a long, unsatisfactory, desultory period of existence; arrival at a home where she might be sure of welcome, of safety, of protection, with no further necessity for departure. She had always tried to stave off the burden of her loneliness by surrounding herself with all the appearances of comfort—witness the pretty room, the lamps, and the speckless tea-table—knowing all the while, without admitting the knowledge, that such parade was fictitious and fulfilled most inadequately its purpose of lessening the void within. But now, now, she was glad that her room should be so pretty and her silver kept so bright, since such grace could not fail to please, but must surely steal seductively upon the senses, especially upon the senses of one who after months of exile had grown unaccustomed to these gentle refinements, and to whom they must surely represent all that she herself represented—femininity, domesticity, home.

With the smile still upon her lips, and her hands still lying loosely joined in idleness, she sat waiting for the brisk ring at the door-bell which would vibrate through the little house. It would come punctually at five; she had never known him to be either a minute in advance or a minute behind the appointed hour. She had still five minutes to wait. She liked his punctuality, it was so well in keeping with her idea of him—calm, reliable, unperturbed. As she thought of him thus the smile softened on her lips, and even a little tenderness crept into her

eyes, a little tender amusement, the proprietary indulgence of one who knew him so well, that he could have no surprises up his sleeve for her. That was exactly what she liked about him, his rock-like reliability. Not a very romantic feature perhaps. But so comforting. She must not expect romance from him; and yet wasn't it rather romantic after all, his devotion to her throughout all those years? His fidelity to her even though she gave him no hope, and his quiet persistence that had at last bored its way through her indifference, culminating in this day when, after eight years, she was really going to put both her hands into his and tell him he was to attain the wish of his heart? Wasn't it perhaps after all rather romantic? How faithful he had

been! She looked back upon the eight years, and upon his programme that had been so regular, so unvarying; it had grown to be like some natural law, like the return of the seasons, for instance, or the cycle of night and day, something that one depended upon and took for granted, and whose disarrangement would utterly astonish. A sailor, he had always been absent for eleven months out of the year, and at a given moment his letter had always come announcing his return, when she wasn't in the least thinking about him. "My leave is due, dear, and I reach London on the fifth of July," or whatever the date might be, "so if convenient to you I will call on you at five o'clock on the sixth, and I hope you will keep some days free for me during the month I am on leave."

She had always experienced a slight droop of boredom when this letter arrived. Then it would be followed by its writer, and she would be surprised to find him, on the whole, rather more attractive than her recollection of him, and they would spend good companionable days together; and although she never felt herself tempted to yield to his pleading, she was always quite sorry when the time came for him to go away.

He was a sort of joke to her friends. "How's old James?" they would ask her, "are you going to tell him you'll marry him next time he comes on leave?" and she would laugh constrainedly because, although her friends all liked him, she knew they couldn't fail to think him dull. She used to wonder whether she would be ashamed of him if he were her husband. She knew that she ought to be proud; he was such a good fellow, such a splendid fellow; it was only the silly part of her that was conscious of a sneaking shame. His hands were too large, his manner too bluff, his clothes too stiff and ill-fitting, his hair too scanty. . . . Thus she had thought; for she had had plenty of time for thinking. But now she thought thus no longer; she had transformed her ideas so well that she had effectually stamped on that sneaking shame. She dwelt only on the excellent side of him, the firm steadfastness of him, that ever since she had reached her final decision had given her that reassuring sense of arrival. She might feel, perhaps, a little defiant about him; might be a little on the defensive when she took him amongst her friends; but she informed herself stoutly that it was because they couldn't appreciate his good qualities; he didn't betray his real self to most people; she alone had had the perception to appraise his worth.

And she went a little further now; she looked forward to seeing his kind eyes bent upon her and to hearing his big laugh,

(Continued on p. xiv)



# SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES—



or  
enjoy  
ourselves  
a  
little  
longer?



Sip this amber-golden brandy—slowly—on a palate refreshed with coffee. Roll it a moment on your tongue. Then—when the brandy itself steals away—something rarer will linger. Perfume, flavour, sensation—inextricably blended. A warmth as of summer sunshine suffusing all your being. This is the wonderful 'length' for which Bisquit Dubouché is famed—a magic woven by years of slumber in the vaults of the Charentes vineyards—where this Bisquit Dubouché brandy grew leisurely mature.

Vintage 1884  
30/- per bottle

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Vintage 1870  
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# Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON

## Curious Happenings.

THE modern motor-car has, it must be granted, not much the matter with it in point of reliability, but now and again (just for the sake of old times, perhaps) it misbehaves itself just to remind us that it is a humanly constructed mechanism, and therefore liable to err. We have

recently entered upon what may justly be called the "sticky contact-breaker" season. No one can explain why this period should always begin about the first week in October, nevertheless such is demonstrably the fact, and it does not seem to make any difference at all whether the autumn is a belated summer or an early winter. I would not for the world take you into technical profundities, but you must understand that said contact-breaker mechanism embodies a little bell-crank business that is pivoted in a small bearing or bush made of insulating material. Under certain conditions this little chap is naughty enough to absorb moisture, whereupon he swells up very tight and so prevents the contact-breaker from working.



MR. BOULTBEE BROOKS

The well-known personality in the motor trade who was chairman at the Motor and Cycle Benevolent Silver Jubilee Dinner at the Connaught Rooms. The dinner resulted in a further goodly round sum being raised for motoring "unfortunates"

This has happened so often with me that when that morning arrives on which the starter just goes "wum-wum-wum," and never a shot comes from the engine, I know exactly what to do. So it was the other day. A few moments sufficed to remove the errant gadget, and I had supposed that a further few moments would have seen the trouble rectified. But no, this contact-breaker bush had entered for the world's championship of tightness—and had literally solidified itself. The bush refused to leave the pin, and ultimately came out in bits. So it had to be taken for repair to the local garridge, whose proprietor was kind enough to lend me another contact-breaker to go on with. Well that was inserted, but it would not function properly. It gave me quite a healthy shock at the plug terminals but the bullgine wouldn't go. I couldn't be bothered to spoil a suit of clothes rooting round after invisible screws, and besides I wanted to play golf, so I sent for a mechanic. When I got home all was in order. "So you put the contact-breaker right?" I asked. "Nothing the matter with the contact-breaker, sir," he replied. "It was the plugs." "The plugs? Why they have never missfired in their lives!" "The points were all burnt away, so I've

closed them up a bit and now they're all right." These K.L.G.'s, I may tell you, were fitted and forgotten, and they had not been unscrewed in 25,000 miles. Now wasn't that rather a funny affair? The explanation is, of course, that my original C.B. produced a fat spark that would jump a big gap. The borrowed gadget—these things are supposed to be standardized, but they are not—only delivered a weak kind of eruption, but it worked when the plugs had been adjusted to meet its shortcomings. There are several morals to this tale. One is that the exposure of one fault often brings out evidence of another, so that you have two things, or even three, to put right instead of one. Another is that contact-breakers should be placed so that you can see what you are doing when you have to adjust them. A third is that it is a pity if our electrical technicians cannot devise a C.B. bearing that will not be quite so sensitive to the weather. And finally, I suppose one ought to look at one's plugs every 20,000 miles or so.

## At Olympia—Lanchester.

It was not to be expected that any radical alterations would be made in these well-esteemed luxury cars, the Straight-Eight Thirty and the six-cylinder Twenty-one. But in the former there have been introduced some refinements of more than passing note. Firstly, there is the adoption of automatic radiator shutters, which, in conjunction with a very neatly devised "apron" between the front dumb-irons, give the car quite a new and a very striking appearance. Then the lubrication system has been elaborated to the point at which it can fairly claim to be of its kind unique. Its effect should be that the Lanchester engine has a quite indefinite life. Not only are the cylinder barrels made of a material extraordinarily hard and wear-proof, but in case they should adulterate the oil with microscopic particles of metal these last are caught by a special magnetic filter in addition to filters of the more usual type. An ingenious piece of design (one wonders just how many things adopted on modern cars were originated by Lanchester) ensures that, even supposing dirt got into the hollow crankshaft, it could not reach the vital big-end bearings. By the way the Straight-Eight Lanchester is not only quieter than it was, but distinctly faster.

## Lea-Francis.

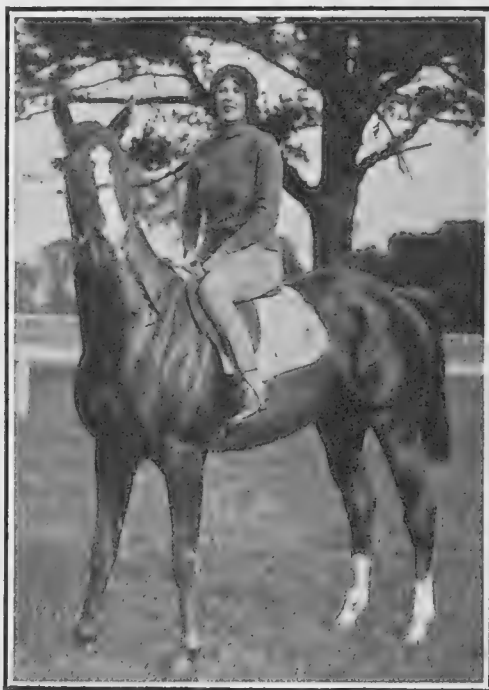
Under the name Ace of Spades—derived from the appearance of the front of the engine—an entirely new and most interesting Lea-Francis car has been introduced, and it can be predicted with perfect certainty that it will make a very strong appeal to the motorist of

(Continued on p. xviii)



SIR WILLIAM MORRIS

Who is one of the greatest pillars of the British motor industry, and whose genius and business acumen have done so much to place Great Britain's motor trade in the satisfactory position which it occupies



MISS GLADYS WALDRON ON PATRONITA

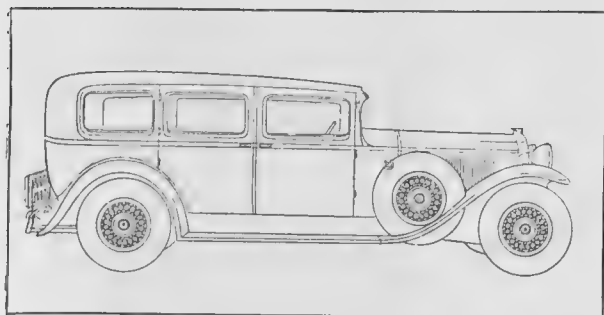
Miss Waldron not only trains her own horses on her own private course near Windsor, but is England's youngest woman councillor (Fulham Council). She is the daughter of Councillor William Waldron, Fulham's Mayor-Elect, who has already been four times Mayor of Fulham



# BUICK IS NOW AN "8"

*Yet a Saloon*

*costs £87 less*



*Master "Eight" Pullman Seven-Seater  
Limousine*

## 8 POINTS ABOUT THE BUICK 8

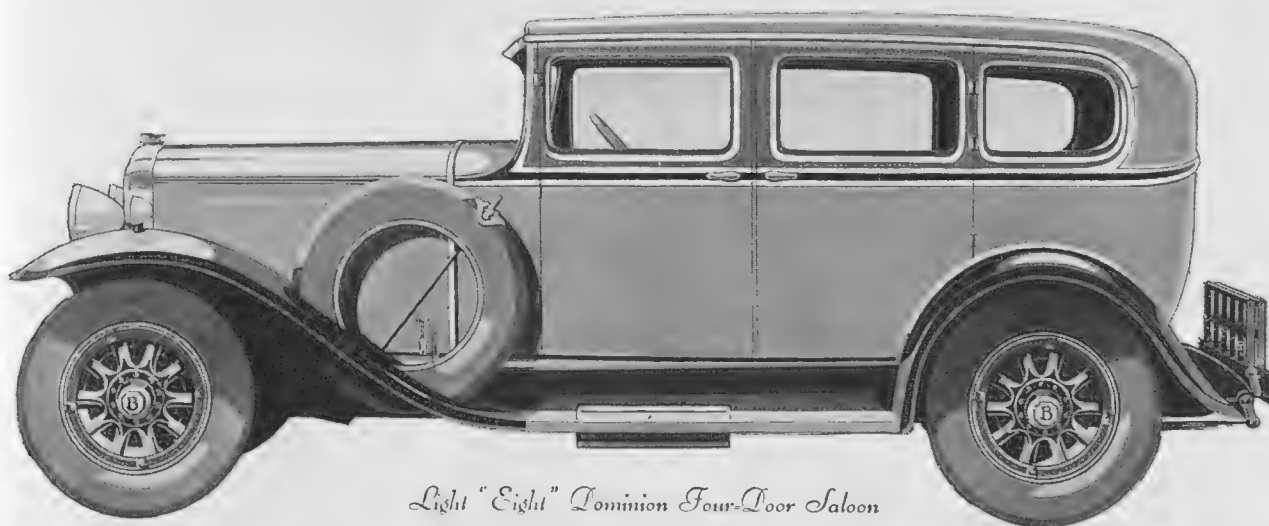
- 1 8-cylinder O.H.V. engine
- 2 New oil temperature regulator
- 3 New intake silencer and air cleaner
- 4 Centralized chassis lubrication
- 5 Thermostatically controlled radiator shutters
- 6 3 wheelbases and 7 models
- 7\* Synchro-mesh transmission
- 8\* Dual carburation

*\*Fitted on Standard and Master models only*

THE FAMOUS BUICK "SIX" has become an "Eight"! An overhead-valve straight-eight made by the engineers who have perfected the O.H.V. engine through twenty-seven years of consistent use. Yet for the first time there is a Buick four-door saloon under £400—capable of 70 m.p.h.

There are two other models as well—the 30 h.p. Standard and the 36 h.p. Master—both "Eights." Synchro-mesh transmission for easy, silent gear-changing and dual carburation are fitted in both. And they have a maximum speed of 80 m.p.h.

All models have the new Buick oil temperature regulator to ensure efficient engine performance immediately on starting and to prevent oil overheating at high speeds. Any dealer will be pleased to give you a trial run. All models are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments. General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.



*Light "Eight" Dominion Four-Door Saloon*

## THE NEW BUICK 8

27-h.p. Light Saloon, wheelbase 114 in. . .	£398
30-h.p. Standard Saloon, wheelbase 118 in. . .	£485
36-h.p. Master Limousine, wheelbase 132 in. . .	£695



Miss Diana and Miss Lulu Esmond, winners of "Eve's" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh

ONCE upon a long time ago Ranelagh was a place of surprises where champions were frequently beaten and weak couples survived unaccountably. Then there was a period during which the lowest handicap couples trampled successfully on all opposition. This year we seem to have returned to the champion-slaying age, when, except for the two ex-girl Champions who figured against each other in the final, nobody who had ever held a first-class title reached the last stages.



Mrs. Brindle and Mrs. John Mellor, the runners-up to the Misses Esmond at Ranelagh



Beaten in the final stage of the Roehampton Foursomes: Dr. S. Overton and Mrs. G. M. Dudgeon



Miss H. E. Carr and Miss M. Evershed reached the semi-final round at Roehampton

surprise, because nobody played better foursome golf than they did all the week. In fact they thoroughly deserved to take those cups back with them to Paris, and they took any number of congratulations too. Their closest match was given them by Mrs. Ian Millar and Miss Strohmenger, who took them to the last green. After that they never had to play more than fourteen holes, whether they played level, as against Miss Grant-Suttie and Mrs. Steele; gave strokes, as against Mrs. Davenport and Miss Ducker, or Miss Lake and Miss Horrell; or received them, as in the final from Mrs. Brindle and Mrs. Mellor.

It is an ungracious thing to differentiate between two sisters: if Miss Diana were the guiding force, Miss Lulu answered perfectly to the rein and bids fair at present to be the best of all the family. They were the sort of sympathetic combination which seems unshakable, and if they gave chances in the final which were refused, that was the only time they did anything so rash. Mrs. Brindle and Mrs. Mellor were obviously overpowered, but they had played some good golf up till then and withstood a very stout come-back of Comtesse d'Harambure and Madame Uzielli in the semi-final.

As for the champions who fell by the way, it is certain that none of them did so unworthily. Miss Eliot

# EVE at GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

## The Fighting Spirit at Ranelagh and Elsewhere

All of which added extremely to the gaiety of nations, even if the prophets were reduced to tears.

Ranelagh has undergone a great metamorphosis. Gone is the canal at the cedar-tree hole. Gone is the inspiring iron shot to the 14th over the trees. The pond beneath them is in process of going, though by way of compensation a large and watery grave now awaits you at the 6th, where the tee shot has to cross a lake instead of merely a ditch. Players spent much time arguing over the alterations, but whether they liked them or no, and whether it were the new course, or some occult cause, certainly there was a rare crop of surprises. Not that you could call the eventual win of Miss Diana and Miss Lulu Esmond a



The winners of the Roehampton Foursomes: Miss P. Evershed and Miss G. Hartopp

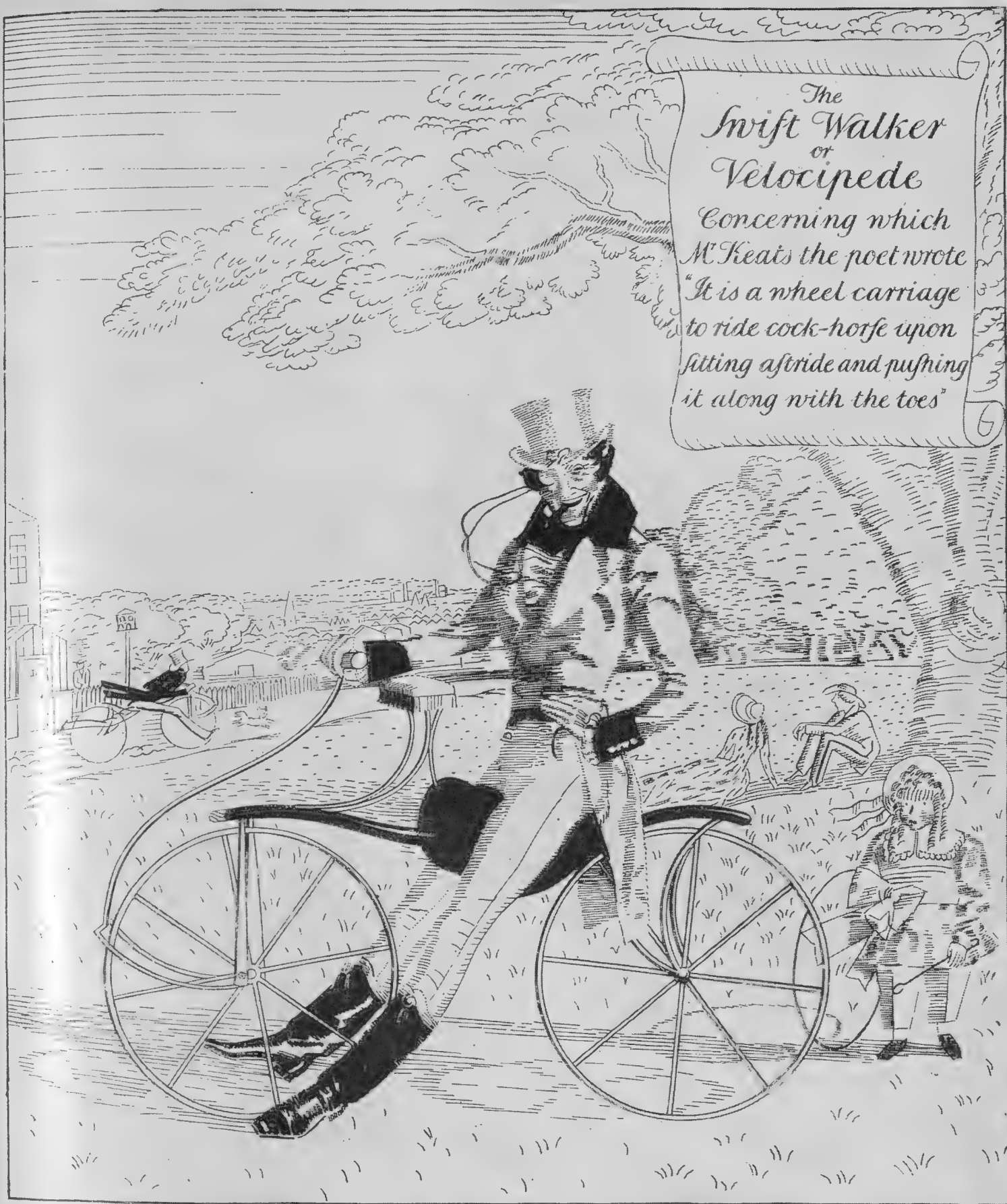
and Miss Cecil Leitch went out to Mrs. Granger Harrison and Mrs. Truscott at the 20th. The Mid-Surrey pair had seized on opportunity with splendid persistency. So had Miss Lake and Miss Horrell when they beat the girl champion, Miss Pauline Doran and Miss Peggy Whitfeld, and again when they beat Mrs. Gold and Mrs. Chadwick. So had Mrs. Davenport and Miss Ducker when they defeated the Bailey sisters. In fact Ranelagh was just as it always was—made up of surprises, cheery

(Continued on p. xxviii)



Semi-finalists in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh: Miss M. Lake and Miss Horrell





# JOHNNIE WALKER

*Takes a Swifter Stride than most*

Alan MacNab Feet

Issued by John Walker & Sons Ltd at Kilmarnock

Distillers of fine Scotch Whiskies since 1820

# The Highway of

## The Clouds are Lifting.

THE wave of general depression that has had such a potent influence on fashions is passing, and everyone believes in the possibility of a better state of things during the ensuing months. A check has been placed on flippant modes; simplicity, allied with sophistication, is sought to-day. Careful and harmonious lines are applauded. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have assembled in their salons an unprecedented large collection of French models. These they are prepared to copy or adapt to suit individual clients; if desired the original models may be acquired. A decidedly new note is the mingling of dull and bright sequins as well as a totally different version of the pannier; it is robbed of its stiffness and is usually spade-shaped. These ideas are present in a black taffeta dress; in the distance the effect of the embroidery is a pond in a wood with the sun trying to penetrate the foliage. The panniers have a slimming effect, as they are composed of innumerable invisible insertions.

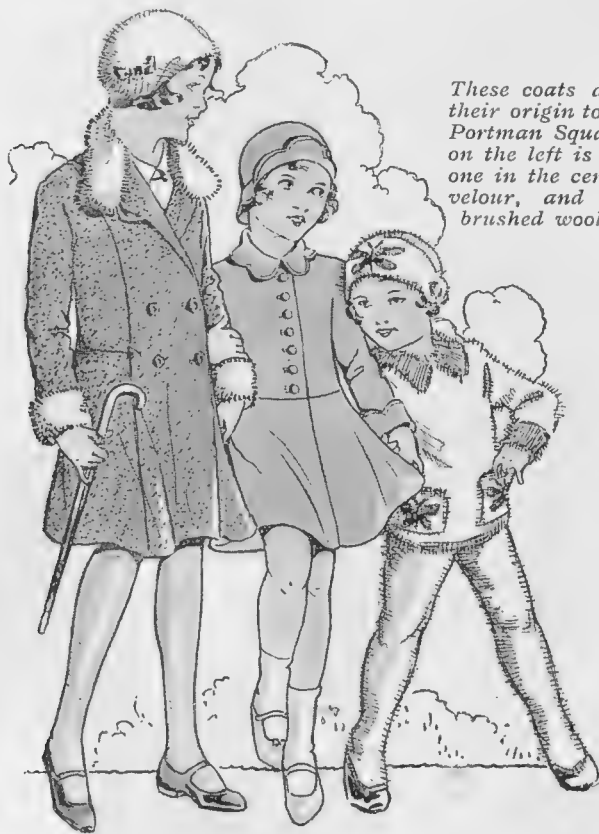
## Basques and Braces.

NO one could fail to be delighted with a real sapphire-blue velvet dress. The corsage portion terminates in a point between the normal waist-line and the knees, moulding the figure; the fullness below takes the form of unstitched organ pipes; the neck-line is high in front with a deep "V" at the back; it is finished with an enormous bow, braces holding the sides in position. An important feature of a lime-green romaine model is the all-round basque; it is embroidered with dull and bright opal-shaded sequins; the same trimming appears on the upper part of the corsage and the shoulder-straps. The amount of work entailed in a creation of pale-pink lace must be seen to be appreciated. The skirt is a mass of sectional frills while a new accessory appears on the corsage; the only word to describe it is a fichu bolero. A black *ciré* lace dress has a double neck-line with neat chemise sleeves; an enormous bow of red and purple



Simple lines are the distinguishing feature of this ensemble. It comes from Corot, 8, New Bond Street, and is made of ostrich-feather cloth, the coat being trimmed with astrachan cloth. (See p. iv)

These coats and suits owe their origin to Daniel Neal, Portman Square. The coat on the left is of tweed, the one in the centre is of wool velour, and the suit of brushed wool. (See p. iv)



Known by the name of "Hilliard" is this Leveson Baby Car. It has Sorbo tyres. The full-length bed with the extension open is 47 in.



# Fashion : M. E. BROOKE

velvet introduces a telling touch of colour. In striking contrast to this is a little vellum-tinted satin dress cut on the new modified Empire lines; it is ideal for a bridesmaid.

## Halter Collars and Turrets.

Black frocks relieved with white are more fashionable than ever; they are fitting complements for fur and fur-trimmed coats. It is only when a fetish is made of detail that these frocks are a success. Many representatives of them have come from Paris to the salons of Debenham and Freebody. Black buccianti makes an affair with a white corded silk vest and revers outlined with miniature turrets; a sixpence could cover any one of them. They have been made by hand, and not only do they outline the revers but they are introduced the entire length of the dress at the sides. Particularly fascinating are the knitted silver thread halter collars and cuffs; they are a prominent feature on a black satin dress. The scheme is destined to be completed with a black faced cloth coat enriched with Persian lamb and ermine. Black velvet dresses occupy a very prominent rôle; a new note where they are concerned is the white padded silk collars and cuffs. A model for a rather older woman is expressed in a light port-wine shade of romaine; a certain fullness is introduced beneath the vest, and there is a cape bolero effect at the back.

## A Variation on the Revealing Forehead Hat.

THE bare forehead is the reverse of becoming to the majority, nevertheless those that wish to follow Fashion's footsteps must adopt it. It is pleasant news, therefore, that at Selfridge's, Oxford Street, W., this idea has been modified in such a manner that it is becoming; of course Paris gave birth to it. There is a most attractive narrow brim; this is lifted from the forehead by the aid of a narrow bandeau; there is the naked forehead with pleasant shadows cast across it, and these *chef d'œuvres* are expressed in felt and velvet. Another new note is a *cache-peine* of curled ostrich-tips at the back; they rest against the neck, the quills piercing the brim. Furthermore there are fascinating *bérets* expressed in very soft black and white galliac, and of course there are several representatives of the envelope hat made of strips of felt; a touch of turquoise-blue is introduced on many of the black models.

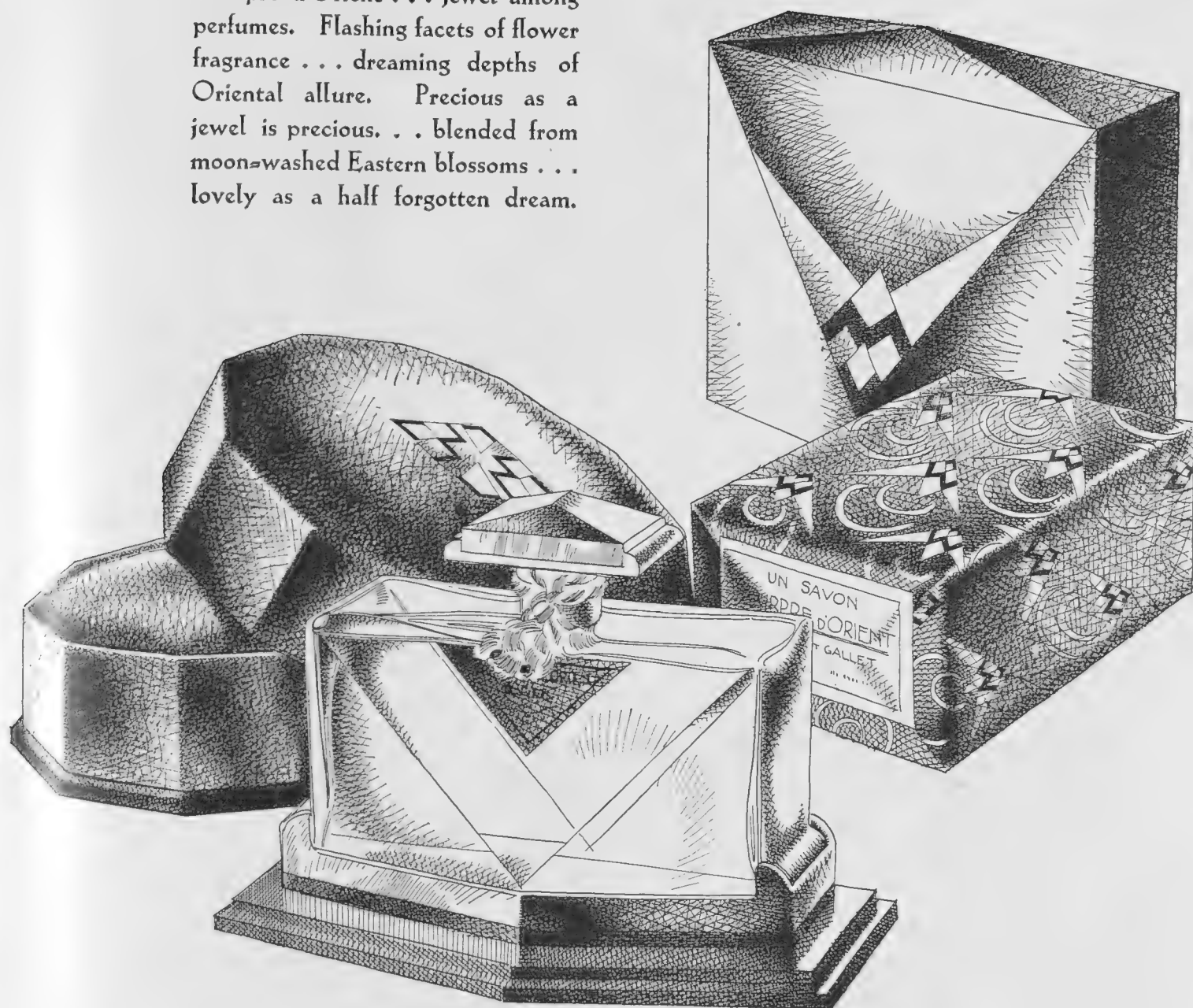
(Continued on p. iv)



# POURPRE D'ORIENT

CRIMSON OF THE ORIENT

Pourpre d'Orient . . . jewel among perfumes. Flashing facets of flower fragrance . . . dreaming depths of Oriental allure. Precious as a jewel is precious. . . blended from moon-washed Eastern blossoms . . . lovely as a half forgotten dream.



ROGER & GALLET  
PARIS



## The Highway of Fashion—continued

## SMART HATS.



These hats have been created for wearing with the modish high fur collars, one and all would look so smart with a Bradley broadtail coat enriched with ermine. There is nothing more flattering to the face than fur and the models in these salons have a slimming effect on the figure, as the furrier and the tailor work together in happy unison

Here are some hats that are entering the world of fashion and show the vogue for the naked forehead. They may be seen in the Bradley salons, Chepstow Place, where they are companioned by a variety of others, many of which were created in Paris. As soft as the petal of a rose is the lamb paw which makes the model at the top of the page on the left. It may be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the prospective wearer. Note the amusing little bow. Black velvet and white panne are used for the model facing it. The graceful bandeau is of the latter fabric and has a decidedly softening influence. Shaded feather mounts increase the charm of the black felt hat on the extreme right. The V-shaped forehead line is an innovation that has much to be said in its favour. The chef d'œuvre on the extreme left (bottom) is the newest version of the béret. It has annexed a satin bandeau which is finished with ends at the back. The success of this hat depends on the manner in which it is worn. The satin bandeau is present in the felt béret on the right. It has been permitted to adopt four ospreys; beige and white appear on one side and pink and black on the other. The catalogue shows a variety of other models



A new note is struck by fur-lined velvet bridge coats trimmed with whitelapin; they have rivals in those of Persian lamb relieved with ermine

Models by Bradley

Pictures by Blake



# THE NEW CORSLO CROISSETTE *for Full Figures*

The Model illustrated on the LEFT shows a combined garment which our Corsetière has designed, not only to support both abdomen and diaphragm but also to mould the figure to a slimming line. The strappings can be adjusted to suit any full figure according to the support required, and can be adapted, if necessary, to give special abdominal support after an operation. Our Corsetière will gladly demonstrate the advantages of our Corslo Croisette at any time.

In COTTON TRICOT  $4\frac{1}{2}$  GNS.  
In SILK TRICOT  $7\frac{1}{2}$  GNS.

Patent  
applied  
for

## THE BELT CROISSETTE (illustration on RIGHT)

This novelty is specially designed to support the abdomen and diaphragm. Certain figures, however, require only abdominal support, in which cases the lower strappings are immensely beneficial. The strappings can also be adjusted to afford the necessary support after an operation. For those who require less support, they can be arranged to mould the figure into a perfect contour, giving a graceful slimming line. This model Belt Croisette ensures perfect comfort and freedom in wear.

Made from Batiste and  
best quality Elastic  $4\frac{1}{2}$  GNS.  
In SATIN  $7\frac{1}{2}$  GNS.

# DEBENHAM & FREEBODY.

(Debenhams Limited)

Wigmore Street, LONDON, W. 1

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

### A Fashionable Dress Parade.

The Circular Room, with its stage draped with hyacinth-mauve, at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W., is an ideal setting for a dress parade. Over 150 models were shown; there was something to suit everyone; the dresses were worn on the correct mannequin, so that the audience could judge of their merits; the prices in all cases were printed in the programme. There was a black marocain Suzy Claude model which cost the society £35 to import; it was offered for £23, while a copy of the same was £7 18s. 6d. A pink satin evening Maggy Rouff model cost £55 10s.; it was offered for £27 10s., copied in black satin and ring velvet it was £11 18s. 6d. Special attention was given to ski-ing suits; they have during the ensuing months a section entirely to themselves. The Parade was brought to a close by two brides and their attendants; one was attired in ivory velvet and chiffon and lace veil, and the other in a gold lace gown.

### The Vogue for Velvet.

Velvet dresses are very much in the minds of many women to-day; they are seeking something that is different and at the same time is endowed with an indelible cachet. They will encounter just what they need in the ready-to-wear department of Jay, Regent Street, W. It is there that the dress pictured on this page may be seen. It is carried out in black chiffon-velvet; a narrow sash springs from the under-arm seam which emphasizes the slight fall-over effect; the sleeves are of interest and so is the arrangement of the "flounce" insertions, if so they may be called; they impart fullness, while at the same time the slender silhouette is maintained. The neck-line is relieved with stitched white georgette worked up into petal form. It seems almost unnecessary to add that detail is a fetish in these salons. Notwithstanding its many attractions, this dress is available for £16 16s. The autumn catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free; in it a black lace afternoon dress for 13½ guineas finds pictorial expression; it is mounted on black satin, the corsage being arranged with the new bolero effect. In this department there are dresses from 7½ guineas, all of which are well worth a visit to view.

### Fashions for Children.

Nowhere is the art of dressing children attractively better understood than at Daniel Neal's, 3-7, Portman Square, neither must it be overlooked that the prices which prevail are exceptionally moderate. They are responsible for the coats and suits pictured on p. 192. On the extreme left is a tweed coat collared and cuffed with fur. The Toddler's coat in the centre is of soft wool velour; the deep body and scalloped collar and cuffs add to its charm; 16-in. it is 45s. 9d., and 20-in. 51s. 9d. The brushed-wool three-piece set on the



Picture by Blake

### A FASHIONABLE VELVET DRESS

Showing Fashion's commands represented in a chef d'œuvre which has a slimming effect on the figure. The neck-line is relieved with pleated white georgette worked up into a petal design. In the Ready-to-Wear Department at Jay's, Regent Street, W.

right has much to be said in its favour; it consists of jumper legginettes and cap; 14-in. size it is 24s. 6d., and 16-in. 26s. 6d. In the catalogue sent gratis and post free there is a wealth of choice of everything that possibly can be needed by the denizens of the nursery.

### Fashion and the Woman.

Women all the world over who take an intelligent interest in dress must write for Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) book entitled "Fashion and the Woman," as it gives a brief history of woman's dress from 4000 B.C. down to the present day. It will gladly be sent gratis and post free. It is well worth noting that a dress authority just before the War estimated that a middle-class woman could not make anything of a show under £500 to £600 a year. I am convinced that to-day, with the assistance of Marshall and Snelgrove, it would be quite possible to be among the best-dressed women for far less. Shopping has become an art, and nowhere can it be learnt in a more satisfactory manner than in these salons.

### All-important Facts.

Among the interesting facts recorded in "Fashion and Woman" are: After the Flood among the ladies of Ur the fashion was for jet-black hair, delicately-shaped noses, and small mouths which were painted ruby. Up to the time of Queen Elizabeth exposure of the hair was not fashionable except at a coronation, when the queen was anointed with her hair down and naked to the waist. The first attempt at fashion advertisement was made by France early in the seventeenth century, when two dolls, dressed in the coming season's fashions, were sent out every winter, spring, summer, and autumn to the courts of Rome, Lisbon, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London. The Rational Dress Movement, introduced in 1908, aimed at a costume for women that consisted of a Norfolk jacket and trousers, a stand-up collar and tie, and sometimes a cap.

### Fashions that Please.

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that Corot, 8, New Bond Street, W., is a model house that accepts payment by instalments for which there is no extra charge. Full details regarding the same together with illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free. To them must be given the credit of the ensemble pictured on p. 192; it is of ostrich-feather cloth, the coat having been trimmed with astrachan cloth. Here are to be obtained little sports suits—cash 5 guineas, or 15s. monthly; again, there are evening dresses of georgette—cash 8 guineas, monthly 24s. 6d. As the cold weather is approaching it is well to remember that wool velour coats, trimmed with fur, are—cash 7 guineas, or 21s. monthly.



# HARVEY NICHOLS

*for*  
**QUALITY,  
ECONOMICAL  
PRICES  
& COURTEOUS  
ATTENTION**



SMART WINTER COAT, trimmed on collar and cuffs with Persian Lamb or Natural Squirrel Fur and finished with the new short bolero back. In Black, Brown, Green, and a few good colours. Price 10½ Gns.



SMART COAT in Black Baratha and trimmed with Natural Grey Squirrel. The new wing sleeve is attractively finished with the same fur. Particularly suitable for slim figures. Price 18½ Gns.



.....  
Write for new illustrated  
Fur Brochure, post free,  
also General Catalogue.  
.....

On the Left—

COAT made from good quality Broadtail cloth, cut with the new bolero back. Trimmed large collar and cuffs of Brown Musquash fur. Price 16½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

## THE COTSWOLD COURSING CLUB MEETING

MAJOR HORN AND MRS. KEITH  
MENZIESMR. W. BLUNSOME, MRS. R. R. SMART, MR. JOHN ADAMTHWAITE,  
AND MRS. HUGH BARKERMR. C. CHESTER-MASTER, AND  
LADY MABEL HAMILTON-STUBBER

The Cotswold Coursing Club meeting was held at Larkhill, near Tetbury, Gloucestershire, in the very best and brightest of weather, and all hands enjoyed themselves. Mrs. Keith Menzies had two dogs, Varnish and Virtuous, competing. Mr. Blunsome and Mr. John Adamthwaite, who are in the group with Mrs. Rex Smart, are two of the oldest members of the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's hunt), and Mr. Chester-Master is the secretary and treasurer of the Cotswold Coursing Club



These beautiful Dressing Table Services are made at the Company's London Manufactory. The Brushes are fitted with fine quality Bristles, and no filling material is used in manufacture.

A Catalogue of Dressing Table Services, etc., will be sent upon request.



*Dressing Table Services, comprising  
Hand Mirror, 2 Hair Brushes, Hat Brush,  
Cloth Brush, and Silver-mounted Comb.*

In Sterling Silver (illustrated) £15 : 0 : 0

Tortoiseshell & Sterling Silver £15 : 15 : 0

Enamel & Sterling Silver - £25 : 0 : 0

Individual Pieces supplied. Prices upon request.

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Regd Design



# The Sign of the Perfect Blend



## “BLACK & WHITE” WHISKY

*World Renowned  
for Age & Quality*

ALSO IN HALF BOTTLES, QUARTER BOTTLES AND FLASKS

1063!

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS IERNE CANDY

Who is engaged to the Hon. Patrick Moynihan, the son of Lord and Lady Moynihan, is the daughter of Mrs. Cairnes Candy of Stone

## Some Recent Engagements.

Captain Norman MacLeod, Royal Scots Fusiliers, the younger son of Mr. Harold H. B. MacLeod of Milford Lodge, Shrewsbury, and Miss Mary Synge, the daughter of the late Captain W. M. Thackeray Synge, R.A., and Mrs. Synge of Crossways, Midhurst, Sussex; Mr. Cyril George Kent, the only son of the late Mr. Joseph Kent and Mrs. D. Kent, and Miss Berice S. Lindon, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lindon of Villa Beau-site,

## Abroad Next Month.

On November 10 Mr. John Henry Wenham is marrying Miss Maud de Bahr at the English Church, Stockholm; Lieut. H. P. Brister, R.N., and Miss de Brett are being married in Malta on November 22; and on the 26th there is the marriage between Mr. William Connel Auld, R.A., and Miss Barbara Keelan, which is to take place at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta.



Henry Wykes

## MR. AND MRS. P. HEBER-PERCY

Photographed after their wedding at Exeter Cathedral on September 27. The bride was formerly Miss Sylvia Crofton Atkins and is the elder daughter of Brigadier-General C. R. Crofton Atkins, C.B.E., and Mrs. Crofton Atkins, and Mr. Peter Heber-Percy is the fourth son of M. and the Hon. Mrs. A. W. Heber-Percy, and a grandson of the late Viscount Portman

Mont Boron, Nice; Captain George Herbert Birchall Wood, 9th Royal Deccan Horse, the only son of Brigadier-General T. Birchall Wood, C.M.G. (late Royal Artillery), and Mrs. Birchall Wood of Camberley, and Miss Ailison (Ailsa) Campbell Low, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Low of Dowrich House, near Crediton, Devon; Mr. Leslie John Carver, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs.



MISS A. CLINTON-THOMAS

Whose marriage to Captain E. L. P. Gilpin, the son of the late Mr. Purcell Gilpin, will take place in Calcutta next month



MRS. J. G. CRAMMOND

Whose marriage to Mr. John Gordon Crammond, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Crammond, took place on September 25. She was formerly Miss Noreen Worrall



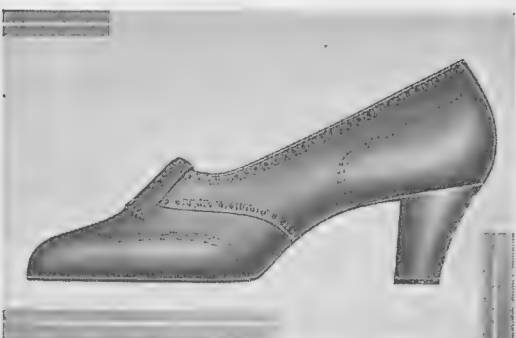
MRS. V. R. ULLMAN

Who was formerly Miss Aileen Bowden, is the niece of Sir Max Pemberton, the well-known novelist. Her marriage to Captain Victor R. Ullman, M.C., late of the Canadian Forces, took place on the 14th

H. B. Carver of Alexandria, Egypt, and Miss Muriel Eileen Brockwell, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Brockwell of Colombo, Ceylon; Mr. Ian Home Bowhill, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bowhill of Edinburgh, and Miss Elizabeth Mabel Durham, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Robertson Durham of Edinburgh; Mr. Eric Willoughby Lee, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lee of Hunstanton, and Miss Kathleen Gray, the youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. E. Gray of Hunstanton.



"Menta"



"Normand"

"MENTA" — Patent court shoe, fashionable round toe, 42/. Also in brown glaze kid - 45/-

"NORMAND" — Brown willow calf court shoe with elastic under tab. Also in black box calf - 55/-

THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY Ltd.,  
116 & 117 New Bond Street, W.1, 21 & 22 Sloane Street, W.1, 260/264 Regent Street, W.1.



## don't wait for 'FLU

Take action now. Start this simple, half-a-minute precaution morning and night. Wash out your mouth, spray your nostrils with Glyco-Thymoline. The 'flu germs can't get a foothold in your system if you kill them on the threshold!

But be sure you do get Glyco-Thymoline—not merely something that sounds like it. When ordering pronounce the "y's" as in "sky."

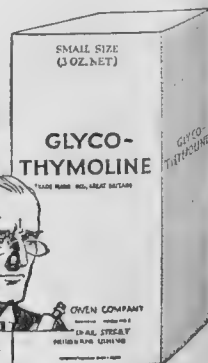
INSIST UPON THE GENUINE

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THYMOLINE

Thos. Christy & Co.  
4/12, Old Swan Lane  
London, E.C.4.

At all Chemists  
1/10 3/8 7/6

The Prescription your Physician writes







# London— Plymouth —New York

*"The Route that Cuts off  
the Corner."*

Plymouth is but four hours distant from London. That is why the Mails are landed there. Time is money. They take the quickest path. Why not **EMBARK** at Plymouth, the non-stop route?

Cross by one of the three luxury liners, "France," "Paris," or "Ile de France,"

*First and Second Classes only,  
or*

by the speedy "Cabin" liners  
"Lafayette" or "De Grasse,"

*Cabin and Tourist Third Cabin only.*

**NO QUICKER ROUTE  
NO FINER SHIPS  
NO DAINTIER CUISINE  
NO BETTER SERVICE**



# French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Ltd.,  
20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1,  
or to all leading Travel Agents.



## Youthful in Contour and Complexion

**B**EAUTIFUL women the world over owe their rejuvenated looks to Eleanor Adair's Scientific Treatments. By her famous original Strapping Muscle Treatment and Preparations double chins are transformed into the youthful poise of a chiselled contour. Eleanor Adair also specialises in a marvellous treatment to cure tired, lined eyes.

*Eleanor Adair specially invites ladies to call at her Salon, where expert advice can be had free of charge.*

### EASTERN MUSCLE OIL:

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

### GANESH DARA:

Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe and recommended by doctors. 10/6

### GANESH EASTERN SKIN FOOD

nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue-builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

### GANESH CHIN STRAP

keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep. Also removes double chins. 21/6 25/6 and 27/6

### ELECTROLYSIS:

Antiseptic Electrolysis is done in the Adair Salons by experts only. Roots of superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, purl spots, etc., removed without marking the skin.

### GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC

is an excellent tonic for the skin, which is strengthened and whitened. Closes open pores. 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 and 21/6

*The Ganesh Preparations are specially prepared in the Adair Salons and have been awarded Medals and Certificates for their supreme purity. Of leading Stores and Chemists or direct in plain cover.*

Write for particulars of our "HOME TREATMENT" or call for **FREE CONSULTATION and ADVICE.**

*Beauty Booklet sent gratis on request.  
The ADAIR Establishment is Entirely British.*

# Eleanor Adair

Telephone: 30, OLD BOND ST., W.1 (Piccadilly end)  
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Under Royal Patronage. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

## THE CULTIVATION OF POTENTIAL BEAUTY

### The Impression of the Ensemble.

No matter how plain or how beautiful a woman may be she is able to improve her personal appearance at least 50 per cent. It must be remembered that a single feature is not sufficient; pretty hair, a perfect nose, or dazzling eyes will pass unnoticed unless the ensemble be complete. These lovely features are of no avail if they are seen in alliance with a muddy complexion. There are some women who declare that they have no time to acquire the beauty habit, as attention to the care of the skin and figure is sometimes called; they overlook the fact that ten minutes daily will persuade their potential beauty to come out of its hiding-place.

### Creams and Lotions.

The best thing to do is to thoroughly understand the condition of the skin and select the preparations that are the most suited to it. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has spent more years than she cares to acknowledge in bringing to a state of perfection her creams and lotions. Of the former there are eight, all with their definite functions to perform, which they do in a highly satisfactory manner. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Sefton Dodge, Ltd., Regent Street, who will send the name of the nearest agent, together with some extremely interesting books giving full details regarding the manner in which these preparations should be used.



Every possible need of the skin is provided for in the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Preparations, while the manicure sets are invaluable to those who desire to own well-groomed nails

Picture by Blake

### The Three-cream Treatment.

A diet should be carefully selected for the skin as it becomes tired and weary like everything else; one that can be warmly recommended consists of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Luxuria, skin and tissue builder, and beautifying face cream. Now regarding Luxuria, it not only does its work of cleansing supremely well but it also enriches and preserves the skin's natural oil. After a Luxuria wash women feel that their skins are endowed with supple freshness and resilience. The skin and tissue builder has been described as a "bread-and-butter" diet for the skin; it is pure,

wholesome, and life-giving, and is a genuine food. The ingredients are so closely allied to the natural fats of the body that the skin absorbs them hungrily. Then comes the dessert, or the beautifying cream. It may be used to "repair" the complexion any time during the day.

### A Novel Manicure Set.

Already the subject of A Christmas presents is under discussion for those abroad, therefore attention must be drawn to Harriet Hubbard Ayer's latest arrival; it is a manicure set which is available for 12s. 6d. An illustration of it appears on this page. The box is very artistic and contains cuticle beautifier, cuticle remover, liquid nail polish, and liquid nail enamel remover. Then in the little drawer there are emery boards, orange sticks, and miniature pads. Each of these preparations successfully perform their allotted work.

### CHARMING SPOTS IN THE WEST COUNTRY



Hundred Stone - Yeovil

This stone stands on the summit of a hill about a mile from Yeovil, and, among other things, was the place of execution for criminals in mediæval times. It commands a lovely view of the homeland of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. This cheese, the only cheese ever awarded a Gold Medal by the International Medical Congress, contains the long-life cultures of Massol which aid digestion and keep the system healthy.

### AIDS DIGESTION

Fresh up from Somerset every morning.

Prices 2d. and 8½d.

**St. IVEL**  
-LACTIC- CHEESE

APLIN & BARRETT & THE WESTERN COUNTIES CREAMERIES LTD., YEovil, SOMERSET.  
Proprietors of the famous Golden Meadow Butter.

## Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.





## TWO OF A FAMOUS SERIES



Every genuine specimen of Lalique Glass bears one of the artist's marks shown above.

Here are two models, The Dragon Fly, and The Blue Bird, from the famous series of Lalique Illuminated Mascots. How different from the conventional metal mascot! Designed by the French artist René Lalique, moulded in solid glass—brilliant as a gem and almost unbreakable. At night illumination in colour makes them even more distinctive than by day. If connected with the rear light, a Lalique Mascot will also act as a tell-tale. Now is the time to make your choice from the wide range of models available. See them to-day!

Unlighted Mascots . . . . . from £3.3.0  
Lighted Mascots . . . . . from £4.4.0  
Either type easily fitted on scuttle or radiator cap.  
Illustrated literature will be sent free on request.

## LALIQUE MOTOR MASCOTS

(Patent No. 309,01)

Genuine Lalique Mascots identified by M. Lalique's signature, are on view at HENLY'S LTD., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, and at Glasgow; PASS and JOYCE LTD., 46-47 Pall Mall, S.W., and 14-17 Orchard St., W.1; and CAR MART LTD., 46-50 Park Lane, W.1; MANN EGERTON & CO., LTD., 156, New Bond St., London, W.1

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## GAZES HARD COURTS

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<i>Red &amp; Green</i>	<i>and Red</i>	<i>Red &amp; Green</i>

Moderately priced courts that will withstand hard service and extremes of weather without alteration of surface or loss of resiliency.	These Tarmac-adam courts are beautifully smooth and have exceptional resistance to hard wear. Their colour is exceedingly restful to the eyes.	Courts with a surface of remarkable porosity. Water sinks in and disappears immediately and play can be resumed immediately after heavy rain.
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Gazes are winners of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gold Medal for 1930. See the gardens at the Gazeway and play upon the courts.

See also GAZE MINIA-TURE GOLF COURSE of special weatherproof material. Supplied complete at once, permanent or portable. Write for special folder.

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## Pictures in the Fire—continued

Smith Minor might be able to tell us, in the Tower, and he does not seem to be particularly impressed by the story of a gentleman named Gilgamish of Ancient Babylon, though to me he sounds more like a Scotsman. It is surprising therefore that, believing all the people who have offered evidence about poor Anne and Mr. Gilgamish to be untruthful, Mr. Thompson should have selected ghosts as his theme for a book which would have been far more thrilling if, like Mr. Elliott O'Donnell, he had professed some sort of belief in them. It is different with Mr. O'Donnell who, incidentally, was so very kind as to invite me to go and sit up with him (in winter and in the dark) in the Tower of London to see the ghosts of the two poor little murdered princes. I was so sorry to be compelled to refuse. With Mr. O'Donnell you do know where you are, for he knows a whole bunch of ghosts, fairies, and the far more dangerous things called neutrarians who, when materialized, are about 9 ft. high, excessively strong, and very brutal in their methods with anyone to whom they may take a dislike. It is quite possible that all these undiscovered murders which we have on record are their work, and instead of carping at the C.I.D. and the Big Five, why do we not get Mr. O'Donnell on to some of them? He would wind a neutrarian quicker than anyone, and would track him by his spoor—for they do leave marks, I understand—and, being hefty devils, any skilled ghost tracker would know at once if they had been about even if the scent was as cold as last Derby Day.

\* \* \*

Ghosts are nothing like as well-bred nowadays as they used to be, in fact rather vulgar, and neutrarians, who are not really ghosts at all but materializations from the

nether world, the Managing Director of which we seem to have forgotten, are positively ruffianly. One of the most matter of fact and materialistic people I know, Brigadier-General C. de—, and the rest of the name I think I won't say, told me that once when he was

staying in a certain old house in Ireland in a part where Cromwell is still a living and very evil memory, he was so badly man-handled by "something" that he had to leave his bed-room and eventually the house, and spend the rest of the night in the garden. First of all he thought that "it" would be quiet if he just got out of that particular bed-room, but it didn't do, for "it" pursued him to the billiard-room, snatched the glass out of his hand, and threw it in the fire-place, and then continued to set about him, most unmercifully twining some filthy fingers, that felt and smelt like putty with steel under it, round his neck, and also belting him about far worse than Carnera does any of his victims. Obviously it wanted him out of the house, because one of my friend's fore-bears had been a cornet in one of Cromwell's heavy cavalry regiments, and C. de— was then in one of their successors, called by some "The Blues." Although this adventure is related in a popular style in an effort not to bore or frighten anyone not interested in neutrarians, it is word for word as my friend told it to me, and as he is not given to romancing and not one of the jumpy kind it is worth marking. If Mr. Elliott O'Donnell had been on the spot he would have spotted in a flash which one it was—Mr. Humgruffin, Mr. Belphegor, Mr. Demigorgon, Mr. Setebos, or even the Managing Director himself. Anyway, my friend was perfectly certain that it was some very influential member of the Old Firm who had got a particular down upon anyone who, either in the past or the present, had anything to do with the Ironsides. If these neutrarians can set about one person they can do the same where other people are concerned.

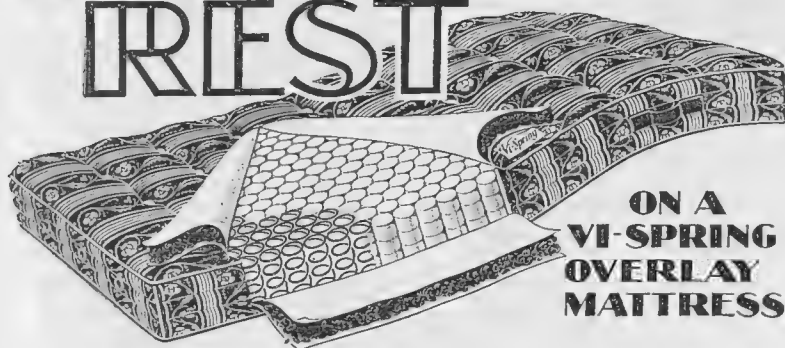


GOLFING IN THE NORTH

Count Erdödy and Lady Victoria Wemyss at the famous Gleneagles Hotel links. Count Erdödy is one of the ancient Hungarian family which descends from Valentine Bakaes of Erdöd, 1459. Lady Victoria Wemyss is a daughter of the Duke of Portland

Arthur Owen

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The "Vi-Spring" is unique amongst mattresses. At no time of life does it develop hard lumps and bumps to let the sleeper know that it is getting on in years. Permanently soft, everlastingly resilient, its wonderful springs go on giving that exquisite comfort which makes every night a night of luxurious rest. For over a quarter of a century the "Vi-Spring" has been dispensing this wonderful sleep comfort. It is installed in the best appointed homes and is the most widely used mattress for the equipment of the great luxury liners and hotels.

Sleep on the "Vi-Spring," the most comfortable and durable overlay mattress made.

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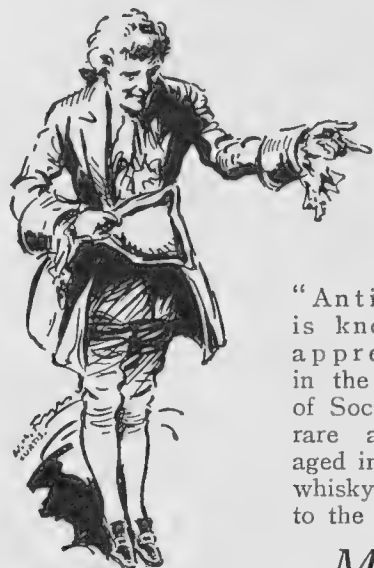
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T.2



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Orlak Casserole the modern  
Dinner Table is ALL GLASS

Everything glass except the spoons and knives and forks. Such a pretty picture that it captivates everyone, and Orlak oven-table glass completes that picture—the all-glass dinner table!

"The present vogue for glass is much more than a passing phase," says Mrs. Wyburd, of Shagreen Ltd., Burlington Gardens, W. Now that you can both cook and serve food in

clear, transparent dishes, the all-glass dinner table is winning new friends day after day.

There is the whole secret. An Orlak dish is beautiful but it is first and foremost a cooking utensil. Strong and able to stand the fiercest heat of your oven—*guaranteed to do so for two years.*

But it is when it has done its job in the oven that Orlak shines at its best. A celebrated

artist designed it so that it could come straight from the oven to the dining-room—the bright star of the all-glass dinner table. Clear, transparent gleaming glass.

A few Orlak dishes make a delightful present—say a soufflé dish, a casserole, an entrée dish and two pie dishes. The total cost of all five dishes would be about 18/11 to 35/—, according to the sizes you choose. The shallow entrée dish shown on the table in the illustration costs from 5/10 to 6/9 according to size. Write for illustrated Orlak booklet to Chance Brothers and Co., Limited, Dept. G, Smethwick, Birmingham.

*You can now buy Orlak dishes from 1/6d—casseroles with lids from 2/11d.*

TABLE DECORATED ENTIRELY BY SHAGREEN, LTD., BURLINGTON GARDENS, OLD BOND STREET. PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE. ENTRÉE DISH BY ORLAK OVEN-TABLE GLASS.



# ORLAK

## OVEN-TABLE

# GLASS



## The Engagement—continued

and above all she looked forward to his assuming complete control over her and her existence, as she knew he would do in his large, calm, competent way directly she had told him he might have the right.

How gladly she would hand everything over to him! No more loneliness, no more battle; yes, she was happy to have reached this decision, and only regretted that she had been so curiously obstinate in not reaching it years before.

The clock on the mantelpiece began to wheeze and then struck five on a clear little bell, and almost immediately afterwards came the ring at the door, as she had known it would come.

Very tall and powerfully built, he looked enormous in the small room among her little tables and ornaments, and she herself felt dwarfed by his stature; but it was a pleasant sensation and she was conscious, with an instinct suddenly disturbed, of wishing very much to be gathered up and shielded within his arms once and for all, and to have her mind made up for her, quite firmly, upon all matters. Well, no doubt before many minutes had elapsed that would happen; and she began to tremble a little and to talk without permitting any pauses, asking him whether he had had a good journey, and whether he did not notice the cold in England after coming from the tropics. The tea-things came to her assistance, too, enabling her to keep

her eyes away from his, for she felt that as he stood there he was watching her, and it was a relief to keep her head bent while she picked up and set down busily the utensils for making tea, maintaining the chatter at which she was an adept.

At last she looked up and saw that his eyes were particularly bright, and that although silent he seemed to be animated right through his being by a suppressed excitement. She turned suddenly faint with the delicious apprehension. "Come and sit here," she said, patting the sofa, "I've got such heaps of things to talk to you about."

"So have I," he said, and sitting down beside her he laid his large hand over hers; it was strong and heavy, and at his touch her heart turned slowly over. "My dear," he said, "you're the very best friend I've got,

although you could never care for me in any other way, so I wanted you to be the first person to know of my happiness. Yes, I see you've guessed. I met her out there, and I used to talk to her about you and about my hopelessness—you know the sort of thing. That's how it began. And although of course no one can ever quite take your place . . . but I needn't tell you that. We hope to be married quite soon; while I'm on leave this time in fact. She arrives in England next week, and I want you to meet her. I know you'll love her; everybody does, she's that kind of person."

"Oh, how splendid," she replied, "how perfectly splendid, and how nice of you to tell me at once, and you must bring her to see me the moment she arrives, won't you?"



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ALLENBY AND THE 5TH WELCH

A group taken after Lord Allenby's inspection of the battalion at Taff Vale Park, Pontypridd. Lord Allenby is the Hon. Colonel of this battalion. In the front row in this group the names are, commencing from the third on the left: Colonel C. I. G. Morgan-Owen, Colonel E. Jones, Colonel of the Regiment Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, the Earl of Plymouth, and Major-General C. J. C. Grant

Abrahams



Golf near Rome.

## Where the Old and the New meet

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## "Mother!"

where could you have got finer and softer under-clothing than Bonsor's, Buccleuch?"

"I'm sure I don't know, darling. It's just the nicest, warmest, woolliest underwear I've ever worn; and the style and fit are perfect."

Bonsor's Buccleuch underwear is known for the delightful comfort it gives, its durability, its warmth, lightness and fineness of texture.

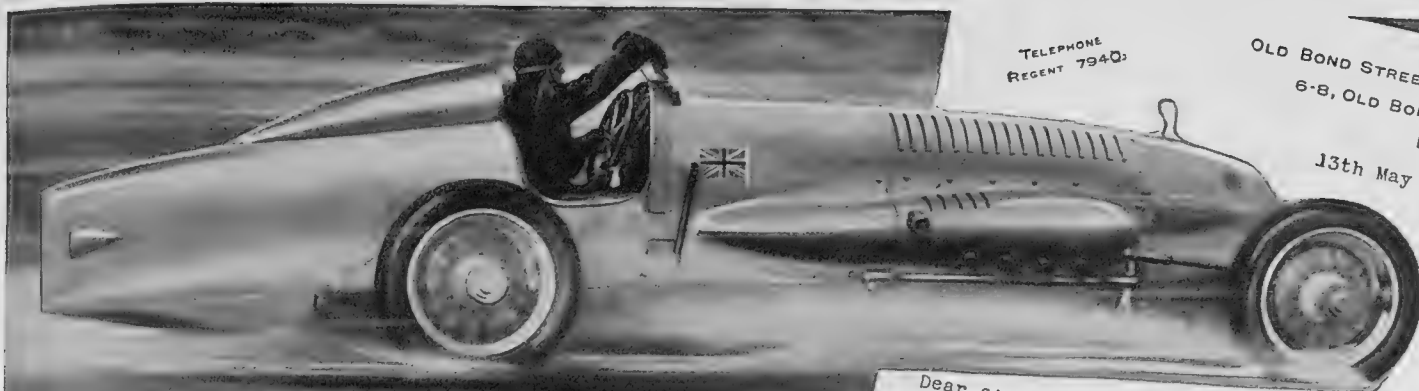
Spun and woven from the finest Australian Wool, designed to ensure that absolute fit so much desired by ladies to-day; it is the perfect underclothing for all adults and children, and is unshrinkable.

All the best outfitters can supply you. If any difficulty write to the Factory, giving name of nearest retailer.



Makers of the well-known Bonsor's "Buccleuch" Knitwear.

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**Buccleuch**  
UNDERWEAR.  
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TELEPHONE  
REGENT 7940

OLD BOND STREET HOUSE,  
6-8, OLD BOND STREET  
LONDON, W.1  
13th May 1930.

Dear Sirs,

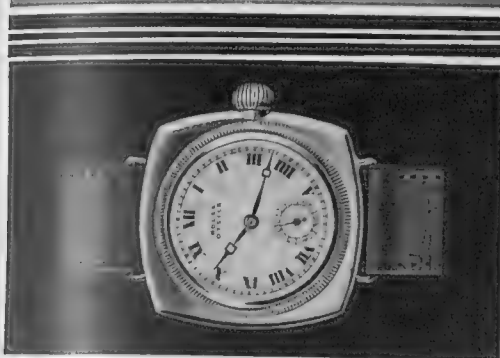
I have now been using my Rolex Watch for some little while, and it is keeping perfect time under somewhat strenuous conditions.

I was wearing it on the occasion of the J.C.C. Double 12 Hours Race on Friday and Saturday last, and the vibration which this Watch had to withstand during this long period has not upset its time-keeping properties in the least.

I would like to congratulate you on having produced a very first-class Watch, suitable for really rough treatment.

Yours faithfully,

M. Campbell



Patent Nos. 260554-274789-281315

## THE WORLD-FAMOUS ROLEX MOVEMENT

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The Rolex Movement holds 25 World's Records at the Kew, Geneva and Neuchatel Observatories. No other wrist watch so small has even secured the coveted Kew "A" certificate for accuracy, and the 'Oyster' is the same famous movement effectively 'sealed against the elements.'

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If any difficulty in obtaining write to the Rolex Watch Co., Ltd., 40, 44, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1, for name of nearest agent.

## OBSERVATORY TESTS — PLUS PRACTICAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Well known Sportsmen and Sportswomen whose independence of view must command respect and whose opinions cannot be bought have been good enough to test Rolex 'Oyster' under all conditions.

Captain Malcolm Campbell regards the 'Oyster' as especially good for activities such as motor racing, and we have obtained his permission to print a letter we received from him on the subject a few days ago.

We value Captain Campbell's help more especially as he refuses even the fee to which an expert is entitled and we take this opportunity publicly to thank him for the trouble he has taken on our behalf.

The Rolex 'Oyster' is Waterproof, Sandproof—Proof against all extreme conditions. Insist on seeing the name Rolex on dial and movement.



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# THE ROLEX 'OYSTER' WRIST WATCH

## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

A meeting of the Executive took place on October 7, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, chairman, presiding. It was preceded by meetings of the Finance and Show Committees, both presided over by Lady Howe, chairman of the Show Committee, in the regretted absence of Lady Faudel-Phillips. It was decided to postpone the dinner till the spring. At the meeting of the Finance Committee the accounts of the late Open Show were passed, and Mrs. Trelawny was warmly congratulated on the financial success of the Show. It was also decided to have some Obedience classes at our next Open Show. These classes are for all breeds of dogs, and members should start training their dogs at once.

The Kennel Club Show was, as usual, most interesting. Our members did well in the prize list, but the hardest-worked one was Mrs. Jameson Higgins, who judged the enormous entry of 488 cockers and was not finished till well on in the second day.



FRENCH BULLDOG

The property of Mrs. Sugden

Competition in Alsations is always so keen that it takes a good one to win, also it is an additional pleasure to have bred one's winners. Mrs. Leslie Thornton has done this, and she sends an interesting picture of Champion Sarelle of Soham and her two champion children, Champion Southdown Danko and Champion Southdown Dollie. Every dog exhibited by Mrs. Leslie Thornton is home-bred, and Champion Danko, besides winning four challenge certificates, has won fifty-seven firsts at Championship Shows alone, and has often been best dog in show of all breeds. He has also done well in Obedience classes, where he seems thoroughly to enjoy his work. Mrs. Leslie Thornton has adult winning stock for sale, including Champion Southdown Dollie, also some extra good puppies. The kennels can



ALSATIANS

The property of Mrs. Leslie Thornton

be seen at any time by appointment. The dogs are brought up from puppyhood with children, and are very affectionate and good-tempered. Danko and Dollie have three times won both championships at the same show, i.e. Ayr, Richmond, and the Kennel Club. No other kennel of Alsations have done this with dogs of their own breeding.

Mrs. Sugden is only recovering slowly from the effects of the railway accident, and is seriously reducing her stock of French bulldogs till she is strong again. She has some particularly good bitches for sale, and sends the photograph of one which shows how good she is. They are rather valuable, as they have Keyston Ambassadeur and the late Mrs. Colman's two American dogs in their pedigrees. French bulldogs are always attractive, and the one whose picture is given is no exception to the rule.

Mrs. Hope has some nice Pekingese and Jap pups for disposal. Of one she says: "I have a tiny Pekingese dog aged eight months; he only weighs 2 lb. 14 oz. He is a clear red and full of 'go.' He has given no trouble though he is so tiny, and can hold his own with the biggest of the dogs." The Jap pups are beautifully marked, firm bone, and well bred, and Mrs. Hope will sell them most reasonably. They can all be seen in London by appointment.

The Brussels Griffon is one of the most attractive of the toy breeds. It is full of character and quite hardy. Miss Curtis has a very young couple for sale, brother and sister, born last June. The lady is very small; they both have bright red coats and are the real type with short faces and impudent expressions; both are strong and healthy. The photograph is of the little boy.



PODGY

The property of Miss Curtis

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

## Vickery's for Charming Gifts

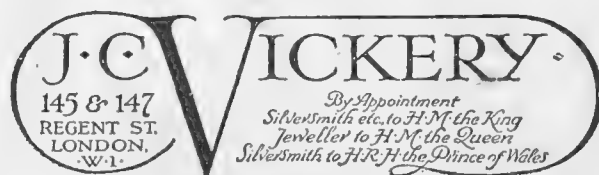
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Rose Pink, Jade, Nattier Blue or Mimosa Enamel and Silver Gilt Toilet Set of six pieces, in oblong case complete.

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## The Tax in British Columbia

for a married man with two dependants is:—

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£500	4/-	·04%
£750	£4	·53%
£1000	£13	1·30%
£1500	£50	3·33%
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"FAR AWAY" ...  
"ASLEEP IN MY HEART" ...  
(Both from "Silver Wings.")

F1845  
2/-

# SALON DECCA

There are Salon Decca Cabinet Models from £12 12 0 to £24 0 0. Hear also the famous Salon Decca Portable Models from £2 19 6 to £5 5 0, and the wonderful new Decca Rally Model at £2 12 6. Write for illustrated art booklets and name of nearest dealer to "DECCA" (Dept. 2), 1-3, Brixton Road, S.W. 9.

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### INEXPENSIVE SILK HOSIERY

English-made, medium weight, lisle sole and welt and neat pointed heel. In muscade, dago, caramel, pewter and gunmetal ... 6/11

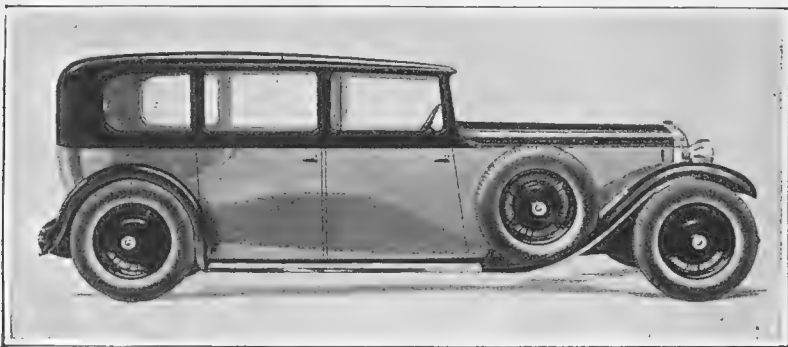
A gorgeous tinsel-brocade in bold modernistic colourings makes this charming Evening Wrap in the fashionable three-quarter length. It is richly trimmed at collar and flounce with black hare, and lined with black chiffon velvet. Price 11½ gns.

**JAY'S** Ltd.  
REGENT STREET W 1

Illustrated Catalogue sent post free.

**Petrol Vapour—continued**

sporting inclination. With the standard saloon body, and costing but £495, it is well capable of a speed of 75 m.p.h., whilst Lea-Francis racing experience ensures that it holds the road perfectly right through the



THE DOUBLE-SIX 40-50-H.P. DAIMLER LIMOUSINE

scale. The engine, of 2-litre capacity, is a six-cylinder of highly original design, and has inclined overhead valves and an overhead camshaft. Its most commanding feature is, however, its exceptional crankshaft, which is very nearly as big in diameter as the piston. The object is to provide very great stiffness so as to ensure that the engine runs absolutely smoothly at all speeds. Actually 4,000 r.p.m. are well within its scope. The rating is 15.7 h.p. Fuel supply is by positive pump.

**Daimler.**

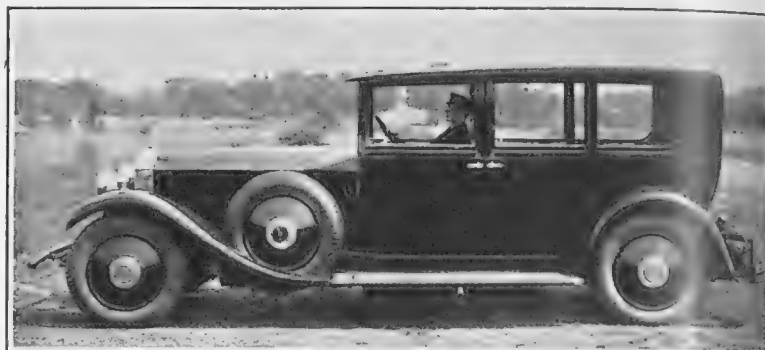
It is only appropriate that one of the oldest car manufacturing concerns in this country should have set a new fashion, or rather introduced a new principle that, on its own account, makes this Olympia unusually notable. The "fluid-flywheel" system of transmission is, unless one is much mistaken, going to have a big influence upon car design in the near future. It could not be presented better than in combination with a twelve-cylinder sleeve-valve engine, and a four-speed all-silent, self-changing gear-box. By these means the effort of driving is brought to the irreducible minimum, for one's duties at the wheel are practically confined to steering. A pre-selective finger lever, working in a quadrant close to the rim

of the steering wheel, when put into the appropriate notch, implies that the gear is automatically changed the moment a pedal is depressed. There is a fine range of Daimler models to choose from, of which perhaps the most notable since the latest introduction is the 30-40-h.p. Double-Six, in which the virtues of aluminium are fully exploited. This must unquestionably be granted to be one of the world's finest cars to-day.

**Hooper.**

This renowned firm has a splendid display of its fine bodywork on many stands at Olympia in addition to its own reservation in the coachwork section. In the latter is included a most impressive enclosed limousine de ville on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis. This car seats seven and is extremely roomy. It has a patent folding extension over the driving seat which can be opened or closed within a few seconds. The folding seats are also of a patent design, and when out of use fold away out of sight. An excellent point is the provision of a special signalling window. On the Rolls-Royce Stand Messrs. Hooper have a splendid example of the sedanca body—a compact and very graceful design in which ample space for luggage has been arranged. This type is equally suitable for owner or servant driving. Then on Hooper's own stand is a special enclosed limousine on a 30-40-h.p. Double-Six Daimler chassis, this being also a seven-seater; a similar chassis mounted with a Hooper sedanca is on the Daimler stand. Other Hooper exhibits are seen on the Lanchester and Armstrong-Siddeley stands. Each and all show a standard of workmanship higher than ever.

(Continued on p. 32)



A SMART HOOPER BODY ON A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE LIMOUSINE

# SUNBEAM CARS

## more than ever to the fore for 1931

*The four-seater Coupé  
in its latest and  
most beautiful form*



OLYMPIA'S outstanding exhibit—an entirely new style of four-seater Coupé designed and built by Sunbeam craftsmen. This new design of body is available on the 16 h.p. and 20 h.p. Sunbeam chassis. Prices, 16 h.p. four-seater three-quarter Coupé, £650; 20 h.p. four-seater three-quarter Coupé, £775. Trial runs on these models can be arranged at any time by appointment. Dunlop tyres standard.

We shall exhibit examples of this new model on **Stand No. 83 at Olympia,** together with other new and improved designs on the 16 h.p., 20 h.p. and 25 h.p. six-cylinder chassis. There are many new features on the 1931 Sunbeams. Engines have been re-designed for greater power, chassis improved, and coachwork made more luxurious and still more refined in appearance.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQUARE, W.1

A S • D E P E N D A B L E • A S • A N • A U S T I N

# Surely such a car cannot be built for less than £600?



*The 'Twenty' Ranelagh Limousine*

## It can. Austin enterprise has made this improbability, fact.

Had the coachwork improvements made to the 'Twenty' line of Austin cars for the coming season, been their only recommendation—they would have been sufficient in themselves to win public approval.

But think! In addition, prices have been reduced as much as £55 on some models.

Here are cars stamped with an air of quality comparable in beauty and luxury with the finest cars the world produces. In dependability, unrivalled. Bodies have been entirely remodelled. The roof lines are more graceful, radiators taller and narrower and the bonnets extended to impressive length. Windshields are sloping. Sun visors standard. Interiors pronounced for their elegance and luxury of equipment.

To appraise these cars at their true worth, see them at Olympia.

## OLYMPIA STAND No. 85

### NEW 'TWENTY' PRICES

Ranelagh Limousine - - -	£575
Marlborough Landauet - - -	£525
Carlton Saloon - - - - -	£525

Complete with the fullest equipment including Triplex glass, chromium plating and Dunlop tyres.

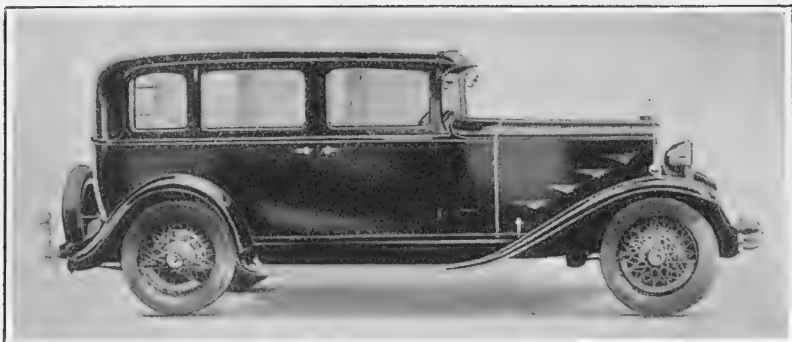
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THE CHRYSLER 70 FOUR-DOOR SALOON

**Chrysler.**

This famous name now refers to a large and important group of cars, for in addition to the Chrysler models there are those of the De Soto, the Dodge, and the Plymouth Marques. One of the most striking of an extraordinarily comprehensive range is the new C. J. Chrysler Light Six which has only just been introduced upon the British market. As a four-door saloon it is listed at the remarkable price of £299, and it goes without saying that it is of Chrysler quality right through. The rating is 19.8 h.p. Higher up the scale come two brand new Chrysler eight-in-line cars with multi-range gear-boxes. These are called respectively the Eight and the Imperial Eight. The new gear-boxes apply also to the six-cylinder models. In the Dodge range we have a low-priced Six and also a new Eight, both with the special monopiece method of body and chassis construction. A Six and an Eight also grace the name of De Soto, the latter being available, as a saloon, from £375. Finally, the roomy, economical Plymouth, a newcomer to Britain, but a welcome one.

\* \* \*

**Riley.**

Amongst the rather exclusive class of lively semi-sports vehicles of modest power, the Riley Nine takes a very high place, especially in view of the big racing success which it has won this year. This company has lowered the price of its six-cylinder models, but in the case of the Nine, it has wisely gone in for the policy of material improvement without change of catalogue figure. The new range is well calculated to create enthusiasm. The body (and do not let us forget that the lines of the Nine saloon were an innovation that have

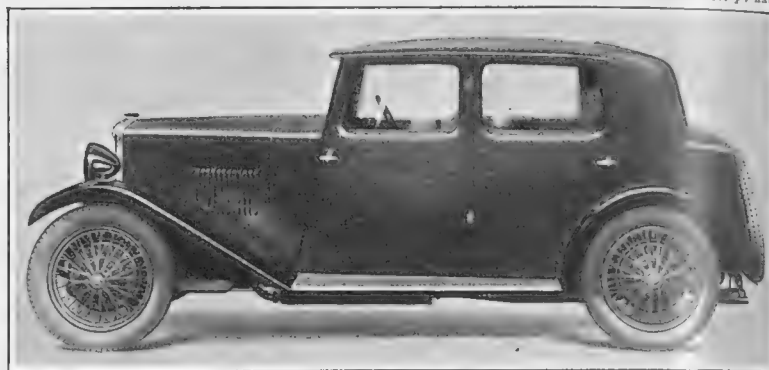
been widely copied) is now more commodious in all dimensions. But this improvement has been made without any sacrifice in road performance, whilst in appearance it is a better-looking car than ever. One should not forget that the easy-change silent-third four-speed gear-box, which is so characteristic of the 1931 car of all nationalities, was long ago a definitely Riley feature. It would be difficult to find a better example of the fact that although it is difficult to get out of the rut in car-design, to do so on sound principles is a very sure way to success.

\* \* \*

**Willys.**

Some quite astonishing attainments in value for money are registered on the stand of Willys-Overland-Crossley. Without being invidious one must select as the most notable of these the 20-h.p. six-cylinder Willys-Knight saloon, a six-window, four-door vehicle which exhibits an all-round quality of completeness that one finds hard to reconcile with the price of £375. It includes wire wheels and every imaginable item of equipment. This may be presumed to be the lowest priced sleeve-valve-engine car now available. A new model of the poppet-valve type is the Palatine Six. This has an engine rated at 15.7 h.p., and a general specification capable of satisfying the most hypercritical. Complete with hydraulic shock-absorbers, Triplex screen, soft leather upholstery, wire wheels, etc., it is offered at £259. Finally, a third challenge comes from the famous Whippet, now improved by the provision of a new braking-system. As a genuine five-seater saloon this 15-40-h.p. four-cylinder is listed at £188. Wonderful value for money.

(Continued on p. xxii)



THE NEW RILEY NINE MONACO SALOON

## "WE'RE HERE AT OLYMPIA TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS!"



DISCUSS YOUR  
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WITH EXPERTS ON STAND

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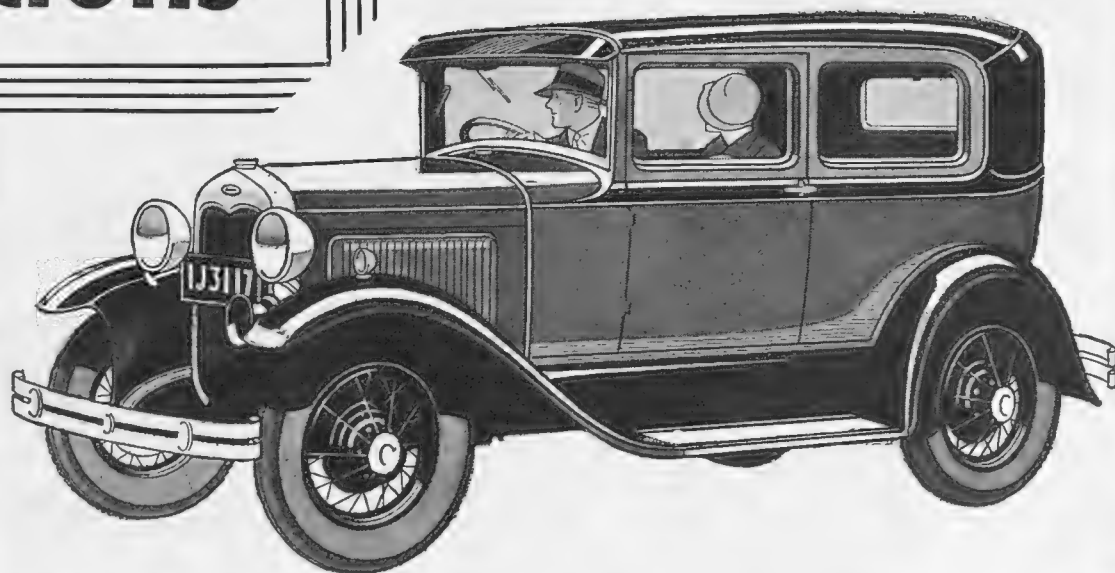
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# New FORD PRICE Reductions

New Ford Tudor Saloon now  
only £180 at Works, Manchester.



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“Why should the price of Ford cars be still further reduced? They were already priced far below value.”

That sums up the opinion of the great majority of British motorists. Owners of new Ford cars are spreading the news of Ford performance, economy and long life—value far above the price. More people than ever before throughout the British Isles are buying New Ford cars.

Why then these price reductions?

The answer to that question is that the growing demand for New Ford cars makes possible still further production economies in the Ford works at Manchester. It is the well-known policy of the British Ford organization to pass production savings along to the public in the form of lower prices, regardless of how low Ford prices may be.

If you do not know the New British Ford car thoroughly, you may not appreciate what these price reductions mean.

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED**

London and Manchester

LINCOLN  Fordson

We suggest that you talk to present owners of the New Ford and to your nearest Ford dealer. Learn first-hand how well the New Ford runs. How easily it drives. How safely it holds the road at fast speeds. How economical it is—where fuel, oil, insurance, depreciation and repairs are concerned—and how many years of care-free motoring the New Ford gives. The Ford dealer will be more than willing to show you how beautifully the New Ford performs in traffic and on hills, and how steadily and safely it runs.

Only £50 down, the new Ford is now more than ever within your reach. Why not call upon your nearest dealer to-day?

### THE NEW FORD CAR PRICES

(at Works, Manchester).

MODEL	NEW PRICES
Tudor Saloon - - - - -	£180
Touring Car - - - - -	£185
Standard Coupé - - - - -	£185
Fordor Saloon (3-window) - - - - -	£210
De Luxe Fordor Saloon - - - - -	£225
Cabriolet - - - - -	£210

Note: These prices apply to the 24 h.p. New Ford.  
14.9 h.p. is £5 additional.

## Thornycroft.

In the Marine Section of the Olympia Show there is little doubt that one of the centres of interest is the 48-ft. Thornycroft Express cruiser, a magnificent example of a thoroughly seaworthy, comfortable, fast



SURF-BOARD PLANING BEHIND A THORNYCROFT SEAHAWK  
SPEED-BOAT IS GREAT FUN

modern boat. With her twelve-cylinder 400-h.p. Thornycroft power plant she is easily equal to a speed of 40 m.p.h., whilst the accommodation is so well planned that, unlike most fast vessels, she is ideally suitable for long cruises. An interesting point is that for slow speed work, as for example in narrow waterways, a 10-16-h.p. auxiliary engine is installed, giving a speed of 7 or 8 m.p.h. The general arrangement of this boat will earn the appreciation and praise of all experienced motor-yachtsmen, for it is all carried out in such a practical manner, giving the impression that under all conditions it would afford the maximum degree of comfort.

## Star.

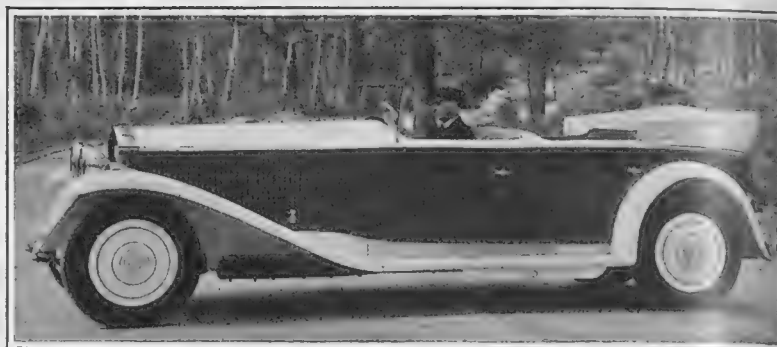
The two new models, both six-cylinder, and respectively known as the Comet and the Planet, which are to add fresh lustre to an already famous name, typify an admirable progressiveness. Fine in appearance and fine in performance, they are also excellent examples of value for money. In the past the Star concern has done much pioneer work; it now continues to do so by being the first to adopt the Jackall hydraulic jacking system as part of its standard equipment, a lead that will doubtless be widely followed. Here are some other features: Bendix-Perrot

braking scheme, automatic thermostat radiator shutters, one-shot central chassis lubrication, Marles steering with spring-spiked wheel, patent signalling window, sun visor and fog light, sliding roof, concealed tables, etc. The Comet engine is largely based upon the old 18-50-h.p. model, having a bore of 69 mm. and a stroke of 110 mm. It is thus rated at 17.9-h.p. Push-rod operated overhead valves, and a very sturdy seven-bearing crankshaft are notable points in its design. The power unit as a whole is exceedingly neat.

## Barker.

Those who wish to see material evidence of the strides that have been made in body design and construction and to assure themselves that in this department of enterprise Britain leads the world, will find plenty to interest them in the representative examples of highest class coachwork that are comprised in the Barker Stand. Prominent here is a very beautiful semi-sports torpedo cabriolet, Ulster-blue, with aluminium fittings, on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. This body is of the boat-shaped type, its unusual lines being well set off by the special form of wings. A feature is the excellence of the protection against the weather, and it may be noted that an entirely concealed form of hood is used. Then, on a 20-25-h.p. Rolls is to be seen the latest Barker sedanca de ville. This is an entirely new design, offering accommodation for seven passengers in all, and having two occasional face-forward seats. The third car is a 35-120-h.p. Daimler equipped with a Pullman landaulette of the most luxurious pattern, and representing the last word in comfort.

(Continued on p. xxiv)



THE LATEST TYPE BARKER SPORTS TORPEDO BODY ON A  
40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS

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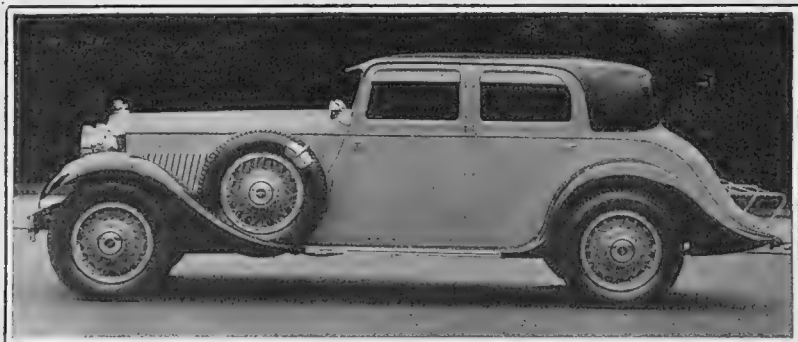
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**WINTER  
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**WINTER SHELL**  
petrol for quick starting

Stuarts



SPECIAL E TYPE ENGLISH FOUR-DOOR COACH-BUILT SALOON ON AN EIGHT-CYLINDER STUTZ CHASSIS

Exhibited at Olympia by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd.

#### Warwick Wright.

All that is most up-to-date in transatlantic car design is to be seen on this stand in the form of the 36·4-h.p. Straight-Eight Stutz chassis. Modernity is its key-note, the outstanding quality being safety. Special means have been taken to keep the centre of gravity as close as possible to the road—as for instance the underslung worm-drive—and the result is that the Stutz holds the road at speed in a manner quite above criticism. The springs, too, are fitted with a patent “anti-shimmy” device which is most effective. The engine develops 115 b.h.p. at a not excessive speed of revolutions, and it is only natural to find that the car, even with a full-sized body, is extremely vivacious although admirably quiet through its full range. Two complete Stutz cars with English coachwork are shown. On the same stand are samples of the Black Hawk, practically a smaller edition of the eight-cylinder Stutz but having a six-cylinder engine. This has much the same features, including a silent-third four-speed gear-box, overhead valves, and overhead camshaft.

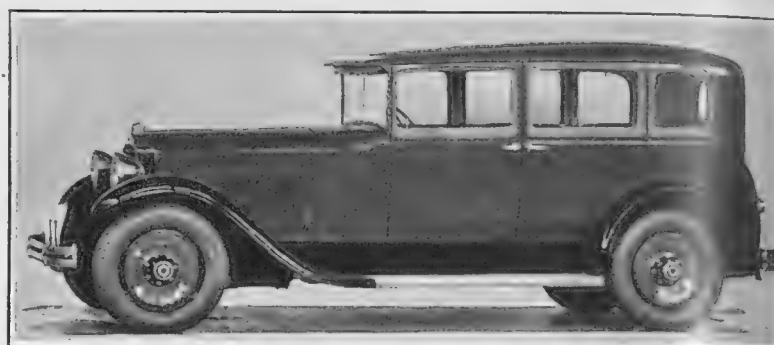
#### Alvis.

The six-cylinder Silver-Eagle Alvis made its appearance in its revised form some few months ago, since when it has firmly established itself. Of the moderate-powered high-performance type, it costs as a chassis £500, and £695 as a standard saloon, and must certainly be accorded a place amongst the really fast cars of “luxury” characteristics. It is, by the way, guaranteed for three years. Perhaps the most

interesting feature of the Alvis Stand is, however, the reintroduced 12-50-h.p. four-cylinder model. This is a much-improved version of what was two or three years ago one of the most popular semi-sports cars of high class on the British highway. The new model is of most agreeable appearance, coming unusually low to the ground and well set off by its altered radiator. The main principles of design have been retained, but much research work has been devoted to the obtaining of a substantial increase in output from the power-plant together with more controllability and smoother running generally.

#### Packard.

With increased power, an interior of unusual beauty and comfort, a new system of automatic chassis lubrication, and many other well-proved mechanical developments, Packard comes forward with what they legitimately claim to be a new standard of care-free motoring based upon thirty-one years of experience in the building of fine cars. In particular great attention has been devoted to the perfecting of the suspension system in the new Packard models (which remain basically the same as for the past year), and a quite original type of hydraulic shock-absorber has now been introduced to this end. It is pleasing to observe that the Packard is one of the few cars which do not lose their identity through big changes in design. The characteristically graceful and classic radiator remains unchanged, a state of affairs which has its consolation for those Packards are three or four years old. And this at least can be said, that that familiar long bonnet never covered a bad piece of mechanism.



THE NEW PACKARD STRAIGHT-EIGHT FIVE-SEATER SALOON

## SPEED WITH SAFETY AND COMFORT THE WESSEX 3-ENGINE 6-SEATER BRITISH MONOPLANE

### For Feeder and Initial Air Services

THE advantages of air transport for pleasure and business purposes are being increasingly recognised, and the provision of suitable aerodromes adjacent to large towns and cities, which is being effected in all civilised countries, opens up opportunities not hitherto available, for rapid transport from place to place. This proves the solution of the problem created by congested road traffic in the neighbourhood of all large cities.



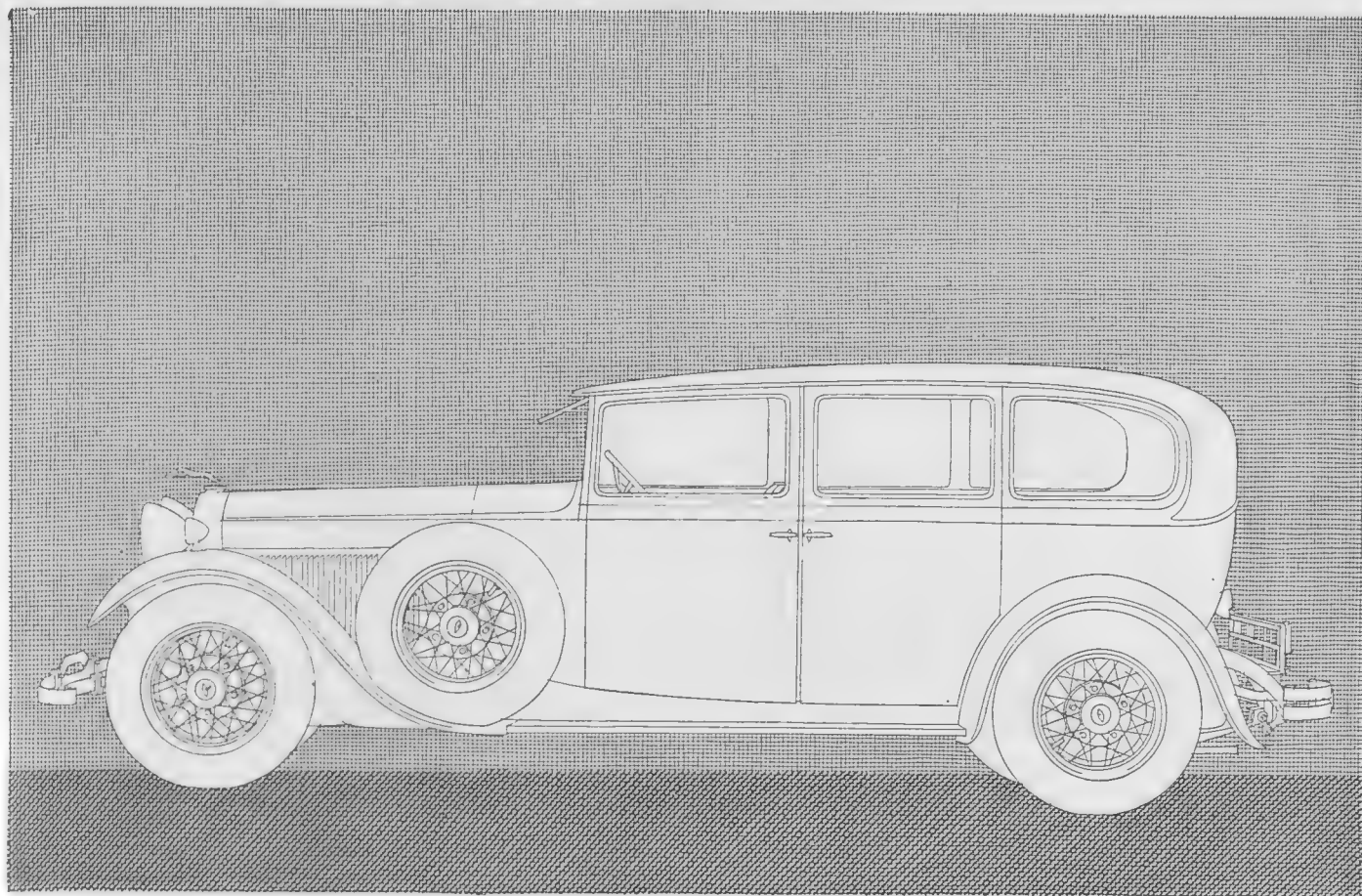
(Flight Photo)

The Westland “Wessex” is fitted with three Genet Major engines, any two of which will maintain the machine in flight. Even should two engines cease to function the machine loses height very slowly and the pilot has time to select the best possible landing ground without undue anxiety, ensuring a sense of security from accident not obtainable with any single engined machine.

The “Wessex” maintains a cruising speed of 95 m.p.h. for 5½ hours with a payload as a passenger machine of 1,100 lbs. or as a goods machine 1,200 lbs. Total fuel consumption of all three engines is 18½ galls. per hour. Catalogue on request.

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ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS WAPITI GENERAL PURPOSE AIRCRAFT AS USED BY THE R.A.F. ETC.



THE LINCOLN—ALL-ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE

## ANALYSIS OF A LINCOLN OWNER

FINANCIAL. *The ideal Lincoln owner is a man of means who yet enjoys the Lincoln's economies to the full* √ √ RESIDENCE. *The Lincoln owner usually has both town and country homes, moving conveniently among them with his Lincoln* √ √ TRAVEL. *The Lincoln owner considers the world his playground and his base of business operations. His Lincoln car carries him far, swiftly and luxuriously* √ √ PERSONAL TASTE. *The ideal Lincoln owner has exceedingly high standards of taste. He enjoys the faultless upholstery, fittings, furnishings and finishing of his Lincoln car* √ √ EDUCATION. *An owner*

*does not have to be an engineer to appreciate his Lincoln, although such authorities throughout the world proclaim the Lincoln "As fine a motor car as it is possible to produce"* √ √ GENERAL. *To sum up, the ideal Lincoln owner is a man of substantial means, he lives wherever his choice or his interests decide, he enjoys the superb luxury of his car for British and international travel, he demands the most in the way of luxury, and his Lincoln continues to delight him* √ √ *Call in, or let us bring a Lincoln to your door and reveal its greatness to you. Ford Motor Company Limited, Lincoln Car Dept., 88 Regent Street, London, W.1.*

THE **LINCOLN**



RUGBY RAMBLINGS—continued

performances, and if he makes mistakes, as, being only human, he has done and will do, he is the first to recognize the fact. A player is always the first to know if he is below his usual form, and no one ever failed his side in a great game without bitterly regretting it. There is no need to rub in the unpleasant fact by unintelligent and sometimes almost illiterate abuse.

The Senior Service have their eyes on the Army and Air Force matches this season and will make a big effort to secure the championship, which they have not held since 1927, the last year in which they beat the Army. The sole selector of the Navy side is again Admiral J. Casement, and he will leave no stone unturned to get together a winning team. Incidentally, when will the Devonport Services send up more lower-deck forwards like W. G. E. Luddington and E. N. Gardner? Surely the breed is not extinct.

K. A. Sellar, the Navy and England full-back, was married a few days ago in South Africa. It is to be hoped that this does not mean that he is to be lost to the Rugby field; he is badly needed nowadays. Once upon a time marriage meant the end of a man's Rugby career, but times have changed, and both sweethearts and wives are as a rule only too keen that their menfolk should carry on. Indeed, one heard of a case not so long ago in which the lady only consented to become engaged on the condition that her swain should keep his place in the England side, and he did.

The Cambridge captain, J. J. Embleton, will have some difficulty in choosing his three-quarter line from the numerous aspirants for a place. If it is any consolation to him he cannot do much worse than his recent predecessors, who missed both J. S. Reeve and C. C. Tanner! "LINE-OUT."

AIR EDDIES—continued

done its flying trials. At present all that can be said is that its design is upon entirely novel lines, and that they are so strikingly ingenious that, even remembering the results of the Bristol researches and the difficulties which confront anyone who puts something entirely novel on the market, one will do well to pay particular attention to the new machine.

Another aircraft which is progressing at Croydon, and which I hope to deal with at greater length later on, is the new Robinson Redwing with the Armstrong-Siddeley Genet IIa engine. With this engine, which runs sweetly and has proved itself on many occasions to be one of the best on the market, the Redwing will be an aircraft giving perhaps higher value for money than any other. The Genet-Redwing has side-by-side seating, a low landing-speed, a respectable top-speed, and a low price. The price is £575. I still believe that to ask anyone to come for a flight and to place them in the front seat is like asking someone to dinner and then giving them a sandwich in the scullery. The correct seating-arrangement in any aeroplane designed for the private owner is side-by-side, or at least of such a kind that pilot and passenger can talk together and that neither is unduly favoured in a crash. Then low landing-speed is of overwhelming importance provided the under-carriage is wide enough to obviate the risk of blowing over on the ground when landing in high winds. A machine with a low landing-speed, other things being equal, should be usable on fifty per cent. more days every year in this country than a machine with a high landing-speed. The expression "Klemm weather" for thick fog is a testimony to the value of low landing-speed in poor visibility.



AT A RECENT BALL UP NORTH  
A group of some of the people who were at a more or less recent and very cheery dance at the Gleneagles Hotel, that famous golfing resort. The names, left to right, are: Front row—Mrs. Gordon Buchanan, Mrs. C. Falconer-Stewart, Miss Balfour Melville, Miss Ailsa Lindsay, Major Rogers; back row—Mr. John Pegg, Mr. James Bryce Allan, Mr. Gordon Macmillan, Mrs. John Pegg, Mrs. Kirkwood, Mr. Hibbert, and Mr. Kirkwood

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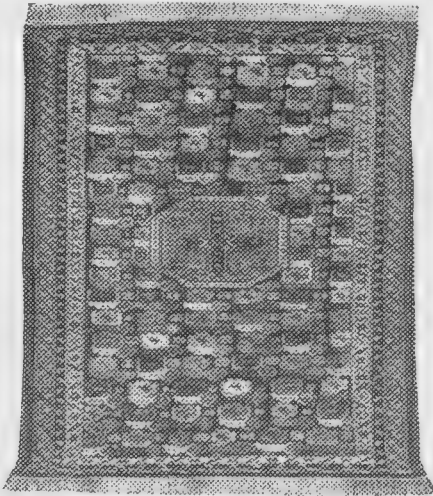
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A recent direct shipment, consisting of a great variety of sizes, is now on view in Hamptons' Showrooms. A few examples are quoted below.

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3	3×2 6...	5	5	0	6	6×4 6...	9	18	6
3	8×3 1...	5	12	6	6	10×3 11...	7	19	6
4	1×3 5...	5	19	6	6	11×4 1...	8	8	0
5	1×3 4...	4	14	6	7	0×4 3...	9	18	6
5	5×4 3...	6	19	6	7	9×4 4...	10	19	6
5	8×3 10...	6	10	6	7	11×4 10...	11	15	0
5	11×3 10...	7	12	6					



PERSIAN STRIPS

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12	4 3 8...	5	19	6	15	5×3 3'...	9	19	6
12	5×3 3...	6	6	0	15	11×3 6...	6	19	6
12	10×3 4...	6	6	0	15	11×3 10...	10	19	6
13	5×3 5...	6	19	6	16	8×3 3...	7	17	6
13	9×3 4...	6	19	6	16	10×3 9...	10	10	0
14	3×3 8...	6	6	0	17	6×3 5...	8	18	6
14	10×3 4...	8	8	0	18	2×3 5...	9	18	6
					19	7×3 3...	10	10	0

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*She never forgets*  
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Glowing, gleaming, rapturous—ready for the glorious hours ahead! Immaculate toilet, verve, anticipation—and of course, "4711" Eau de Cologne, the essence of refinement.

With "4711" at hand, moments of languor are quickly overcome, the magic fragrance refreshes; the fullness of vivacity is restored. Only the genuine "4711" Eau de Cologne ensures the lasting effect essential for every social occasion.

In the preparation of her evening toilet she has availed herself of these exquisite "4711" Eau de Cologne Toiletries.

**COLD CREAM** for cleansing. Perfumed with Attar of Roses. Pots 10½d., 1/6 and 2/6. Tubes 1/- each.

**BATH SALTS.** Perfumed with "4711." In jars 1/6 and 2/6. Extra large size, with screw cap, 3/9.

**VANISHING CREAM,** for day use. Perfumed with "4711." In Pots, 2/-; Tubes, 1/-; Sample tube, 6d.

**TOILET SOAP.** Super-fatted. Perfumed with "4711." In boxes of 3 tablets, at 2/- per box.

**BATH POWDER.** Perfumed with "4711." In box complete with large velour puff at 4/6.

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ALL "4711" PREPARATIONS ARE EASILY RECOGNISED BY THE BLUE AND GOLD LABEL.

**No. 4711.**  **Genuine**  
**Eau de**  
**Cologne**

E 9 A

## Eve at Golf (Continued from p. 190)

meetings with players from all over the country, cups and prizes only to be won by real good fighting, and Lady Carisbrooke to give them away as delightfully as ever. The only miss this year were the Scottish players, who were playing the county finals at King's Course, Gleneagles Hotel, where Ayrshire actually got back the trophy after many years from Midlothian. In the individual stroke competition there was some brilliant golf played by Miss Jean McCulloch, whose score was 75 for the first 17 holes. Then there was a whin-bush, an attempt to get out, an unplayable lie, an eight, and a tie with Miss Purvis Russell Montgomery, which was lost on the last nine holes.

The Roehampton Autumn Foursomes are now just as popular as the Ranelagh edition. The course was in perfect order; the golf, if not naturally of so high an order as Ranelagh, was full of good fight, and there, too, nobody qualified to come up to Mrs. Charles Miller for her prize without having played stout-heartedly.

The Midlands were well represented, one Miss Evershed and Miss Hartopp winning, another Miss Evershed and Miss Carr being semi-finalists. The runners-up were Mrs. Dudgeon and Dr. Susan Overton, and the other semi-finalists Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Pelmore.

And so, after a delicious day at Stoke Poges, when Miss Molly Gourlay carried off the St. Dunstan's Cup with 76-6=70 (the men allowed the ladies six additional strokes and the short tees), to Worpleston for the Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes Tournament. Why is 1930 such a year of surprises and upset form? After Formby, Aldeburgh, Ranelagh, you might have thought the fates had been capricious enough, and that wd should have been allowed a peaceful

Worpleston, with all the expected couples surviving and everything working up according to plan and an inter-Wethered final.

Not a bit of it. This has to go to press before we know whether Mr. Roger Wethered and Miss Diana Esmond have succeeded in arriving there, but already we know that Miss Joyce Wethered has *not*; Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Wanda Morgan have fallen too; Miss Enid Wilson and Major G. N. C. Martin only came through by the skin of their teeth after being down to Mrs. R. O. Porter, the surprise heroine of Aldeburgh, and Mr. R. H. de Montmorency.

In fact there are so many people playing good golf that it would be idle to try and pick the winning couple. It goes without saying that Worpleston kept up its reputation for providing one of the most thoroughly delightful entertainments of the whole golfing year; at the

moment of writing the equally inevitable downpour has yet to arrive; long may it stay away. As it was, watching Miss Wethered and Lord Charles Hope was the perfect occupation for a balmy autumn day. It mattered not whether they were both behaving perfectly as on the first day, whether she was extricating him successfully as on the second morning, or failing gloriously in the attempt as on the second fatal afternoon; it was Miss Wethered's perfect ease and power of striking which kept the gallery spellbound and effectually kept the majority from wandering off to follow anybody else.

All honour to Miss Dampney and Mr. Grant White, who beat them 2 and 1; to Miss Mary Beard and Mr. C. N. Gordon Stewart, who chased them to the last green. But nobody could help feeling that they would dearly have liked to watch another round or two of Miss Wethered, in a vain attempt to discover why and how she is the greatest living lady golfer.



The Ayrshire team which recently beat Midlothian in the Scottish county finals on the King's Course, Gleneagles Hotel. Left to right: Miss Martin, Miss Jean McCulloch (captain) Mrs. Greenlees, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. F. G. Wilson, Mrs. G. Coates, and Miss Nan Baird

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YEARS AGO  
THERE'S  
NOTHING  
LIKE IT  
TO-DAY!

There's  
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talking

taste it!



## Announcing the new TRIUMPH Scorpion Six Cylinder

HERE is something entirely new—the most modern expression of present-day motoring—the Triumph Scorpion six cylinder. This new Triumph is a full four-seater car, luxuriously furnished, yet the price—£237 10s. complete, with sliding roof—makes it the least expensive luxury six in existence to-day.

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# Tailored Suits for WINTER SPORTS



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5 GUINEAS

Long experience and consummate skill gives Nicoll's of Regent Street a unique position as tailors of winter sports wear. A combination of expert craftsmanship with an extensive knowledge of the needs of those who would enjoy the delights of Alpine slopes, results in the production of Ski-ing Suits that leave nothing to be desired.



7 GUINEAS

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## AND OF SUCH IS RADIO

Why Broadcasting Need not Envy the Other Forms of Public Entertainment

By EAMON GARRY

WITH life keyed up to a breakneck pace, the mind of man demands two counteracting influences—the restorative of religion and the relaxation of entertainment. I do not propose to discuss any aspect of the former because others far better qualified can and do; in this article it is my purpose to consider the mental therapeutic value of one of the three chief forms of entertainment. For now remain three forms—the theatre, the cinema, and the radio. But the greatest of these is radio.

In the "Radio Times" recently an editorial reference was made to talking films, saying that they every minute burlesque themselves, and alleging that they are so absurd that "no flight of satiric fancy can out-strip reality." I can only assume that the B.B.C. editorial department had flattered the "talkies"—by suggesting that they are capable of being compared with radio—either as a result of envy or ignorance. If that is so, then others less well-informed about radio might also be tempted to use the same sneer. To prevent that, by informing the minds of readers, I write this article.

If the B.B.C.'s remark about talkies was occasioned by envy rather than ignorance, I marvel. Radio has no need to be envious of the talkies, because radio is greater and finer and better than a shadow on a screen,

an echo from a horn, can ever be. Fifteen million people visit the cinemas every week. Fifteen million listen to radio *every day*. Need the pyramid be disturbed by the scratching of the mouse?

It cannot be envy. What does the talking-film possess that radio need envy? Radio, as a public entertainment, is twenty years younger than film entertainment. In ten years radio has progressed further, achieved more, developed higher, than have films in more than a quarter of a century. There are no salacious moments in radio, no insults to common intelligence, nothing lurid or stupid such as can be said of the talking film. Nor has it a background of commercial dubiety or financial instability mellowed by personal crudity or cupidity. Therefore no one who has anything to do with radio can be envious of the ins-and-outs of film entertainment. Rather should the case be reversed. Talkies can, with excuse, envy radio, and with profit imitate it. Radio can show the results of applied intelligence, a rigid personal integrity, fidelity to bed-rock principles, a fine sense of the duty of an entertainment-monger which is, primarily, to entertain the public in such a way that the public mind is not polluted or its welfare worsened. Radio can assert itself with a supreme distinction in the realm of entertainment as the only form that puts its conception of duty to the public first.

Radio is not based on the idea that the level of public intelligence is a little lower than the apes. Nor is it cradled in callous commercialism. Neither is it governed by the whim of such sordid considerations as sex-appeal, legomania, lingerie, and lechery. Why should radio be envious of the film? I am, therefore, being slowly forced to the conclusion that the ill-tasting sneer, which profits radio nothing and affects talkies the same,

was due to ignorance of the subject. It was due to one or the other, and I am trying to convince myself that it was not envy. As soon imagine Tolley being envious of my style of play, or the Dean of St. Paul's being envious of a Hyde Park tub-thumper, or Nelson's Column being envious of the Serpentine, as to imagine that radio is envious of the film. Look at radio's incontestable superiority.

A film can reveal a drawing-room in Toledo or a jungle in Texas, or a street in Oklahoma or a beer-parlour in Winnipeg. It will take an hour-and-a-half to do that, and as each scene is presented you can see the insignia of the studio stamped on every "set."

Radio is real. It unrolls the world like a scroll. I have the perfect knowledge that I am really listening to a concert in Birmingham, or a recital in Cardiff, or an opera in Milan, or pantomime in Leeds, or a football match in Glasgow, or an orchestra in Berlin. I enjoy them in the absolute assurance of mind that they are taking place in reality as I listen, that there is no studio fake, no microphonic trickery, no aural illusion. That is one of the fundamental differences. An essential factor in films is illusion. An absolute guarantee in radio is reality. Why should the Real envy the Illusion? Why should the Substance envy the Shadow?

Compared with the film, radio is a magical mystery—a stupendous achievement of combined inventiveness and natural miracle. Its marvel is in the power of unseen forces and the forces of unseen powers. It is God's gift to the world, not Hollywood's. It is invested with the divine mystery that is the direct antithesis of Los Angelic mundanity. There is an other-worldly quality about radio that can never be associated with the essential physical attributes of the film. It cannot be envy. It must be ignorance. That sneering comment, not worthy of its object which is to see all forms of entertainment reaching a high level, fails to contribute to that object. Like most sensible people, I want to see the screen as fine as the broadcast entertainment, but my criticism of it—and in that I am not parsimonious—does not spring from ignorance.

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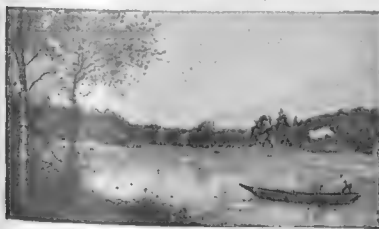
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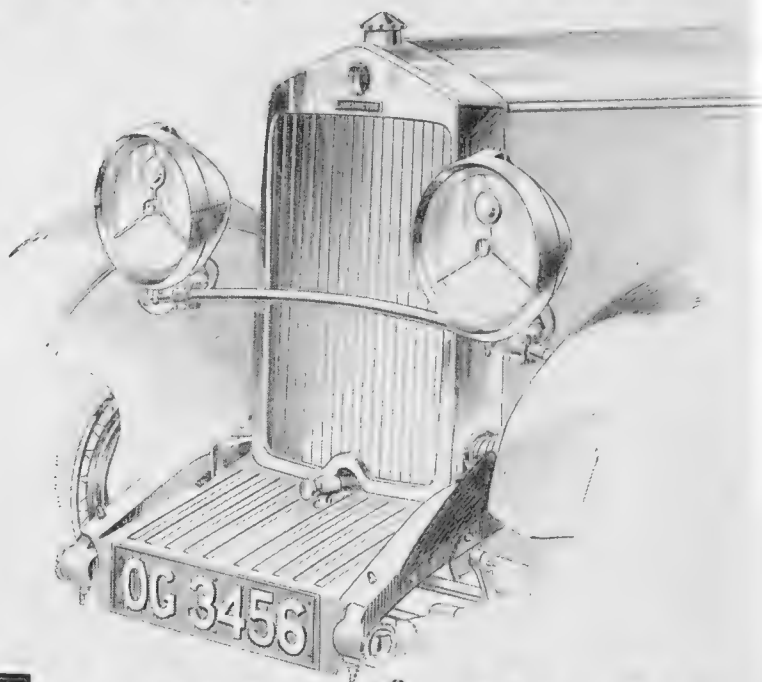
Walden Hammond

## THE WILLIAMS-HEBER-PERCY WEDDING AT WARWICK

A group of the bride and bridegroom and the bridesmaids at the recent wedding of Miss Mary Heber-Percy, who is a granddaughter of Lord Algernon Percy, an uncle of the late Duke of Northumberland, and the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Josceline Heber-Percy of Guy's Cliffe, Warwick, and Mr. Gerald Wellington Williams, son of the late Mr. W. A. Williams of Shernfold Park, Frant. The wedding was at St. Mary's Church, Warwick, and the Bishop of Coventry officiated, assisted by Canon Robertson (uncle of the bridegroom), the Rev. A. D. Henwood, and the Rev. G. Lewthwaite. The names in this group, reading from left to right, are: Miss Susan Arkwright, Miss Judy Dawson, Miss Mary Gibb, Miss Betty Helen Heber-Percy, the Bridegroom, the Bride, Mr. Massey Lopes (the best man), Baroness Koskull, Miss Judy Winston Scott (child), Miss Elizabeth Throckmorton, Miss Barbara Stracy-Clitherow, and Miss Lopes

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## Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for £12 to help a widow in the North of England who is having a terrible struggle to keep her little home; for twenty years this plucky woman supported and nursed her invalid husband, who died some months ago, after weeks of severe illness. With her small savings she paid up the many doctor's and chemist's bills, then hoped to let her rooms and so earn a living. She has a nice little house at a



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well-known Spa, but unfortunately last season was slack and she had few guests, thus she has only covered expenses with nothing for the winter months. Her rent she has managed to meet but now come the rates, and although she half starves herself she cannot pay the full amount. She is pathetically anxious to get guests, and dare not leave her house fearing to miss an inquiry, so she spends all her time alone indoors or working in the small garden. If we could only raise sufficient for one quarter's rent and rates with a little in hand for the winter months, this poor woman would be able to keep a roof over her head and would have time to let her rooms early next year. Please help us to do this.

The wireless menace who persists in fiddling with the tuning dial just as we are enjoying the best item on the programme met his match at the Radio Exhibition. For there is one set which cannot be tuned. It has no tuning dial, it possesses not a single knob to turn. The home expert may tear his hair but he will be unable to get more than two stations. Members of the family ignorant of the rudiments of wireless will be able to do the same merely by manipulating one switch. Made by Columbia, Model 309, it was the only set of its kind in the Exhibition. It is designed for the numerous people who, desiring only the dual stations under the Regional Schemes, do not wish to purchase the more expensive models with a longer range and do not want the bother of tuning in. It is extremely reasonable to buy and has the added advantage of having no high-tension battery and no accumulator. It is entirely operated from the mains either A.C. or D.C. This is of course much cheaper and half the bother. Added to this the loud-speaker is built into the one cabinet.

On November 4 a ball and C. B. Cochran's Special Cabaret (arranged by Mr. Sonnie Hale) is to be held at the Kit-Cat Restaurant. The function is under the presidency of Her Grace the Duchess of Portland and is in aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Aid Fund, which is the only organized charitable dental service providing throughout the British Isles treatment by surgeon-dentists. Tickets, which are £1 10s., can be obtained from members of the committee, Mrs. Horman Freudenthal, vice-chairman of ball, Mrs. D'Arcy Stephens, deputy-chairman of ball, Miss Fletcher, founder and hon. secretary, 67, Welbeck Street, W.1. The tables on the dance floor will be allotted strictly according to priority of application.

In a note under a picture of Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Isobel Elsom in *The Outsider*, it was stated erroneously that Mr. McKinnel played the part of the quack doctor. The part is played by Mr. Harold Huth.

In an underline to a picture of Mrs. Ronald Balfour, we greatly regret that she was described as the daughter-in-law of the late Brigadier-General Sir Alfred Balfour. We apologize for the unfortunate error. Sir Alfred Balfour is still alive and well.

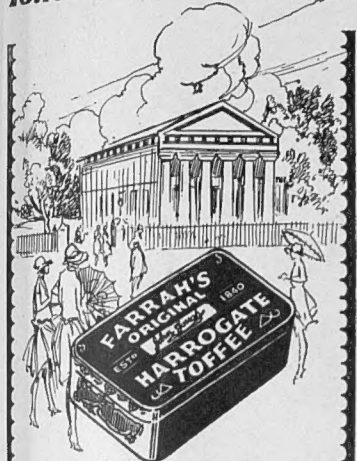


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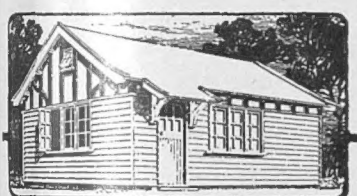
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